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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

OCTOBER 1986 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

SYMPOSIUM

Fred Barnes, William F. Buckley, Jr., Irving Kristol, Carnes Lord, et al.: The Final Reagan Years

All Rise for the Rehnquist Court, by Jeremy Rabkin

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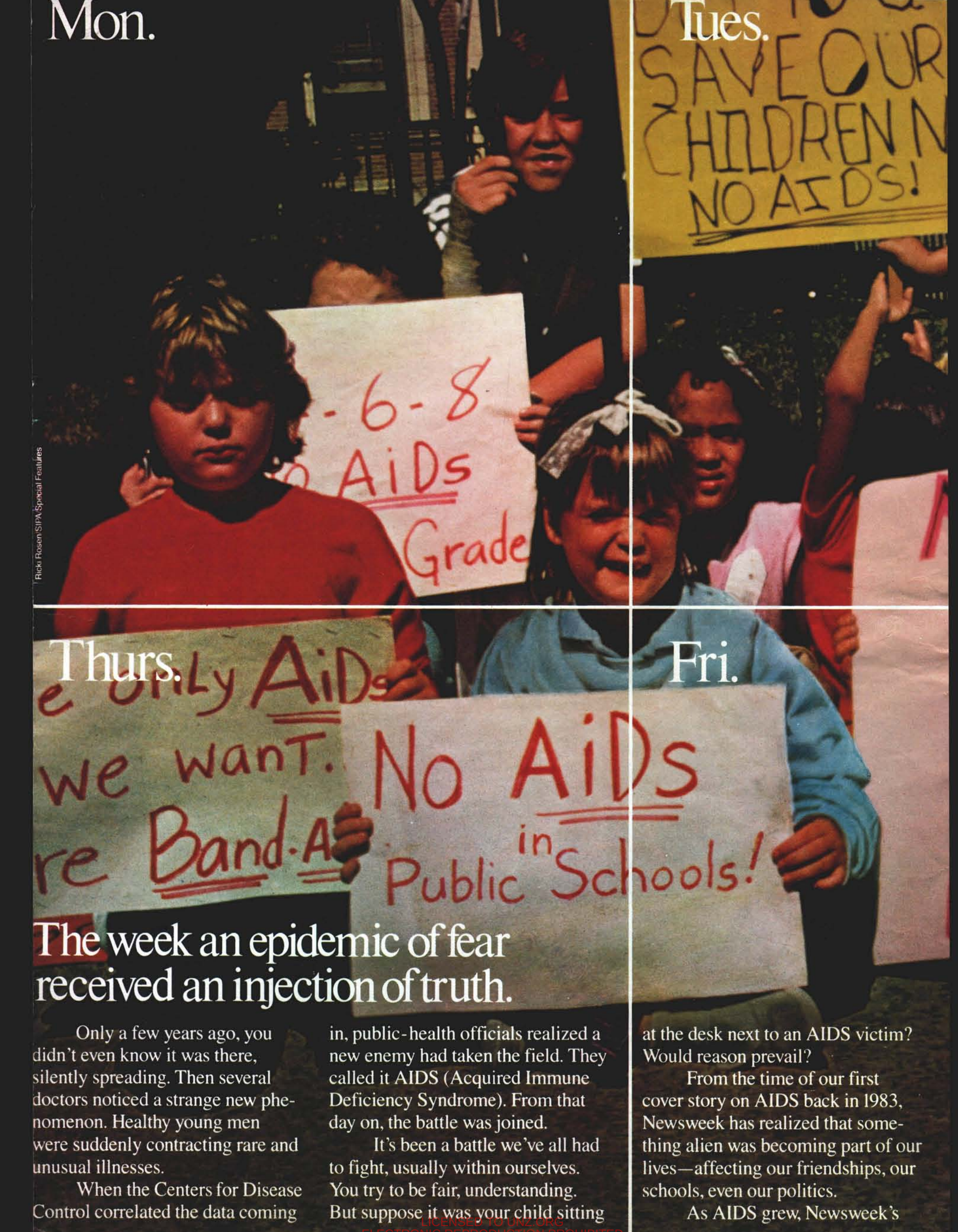

Ricki Rosen/SIPA Special Features

Thurs.

Fri.

The week an epidemic of fear received an injection of truth.

Only a few years ago, you didn't even know it was there, silently spreading. Then several doctors noticed a strange new phenomenon. Healthy young men were suddenly contracting rare and unusual illnesses.

When the Centers for Disease Control correlated the data coming in, public-health officials realized a new enemy had taken the field. They called it AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome). From that day on, the battle was joined.

It's been a battle we've all had to fight, usually within ourselves. You try to be fair, understanding. But suppose it was your child sitting at the desk next to an AIDS victim? Would reason prevail?

From the time of our first cover story on AIDS back in 1983, Newsweek has realized that something alien was becoming part of our lives—affecting our friendships, our schools, even our politics.

As AIDS grew, Newsweek's

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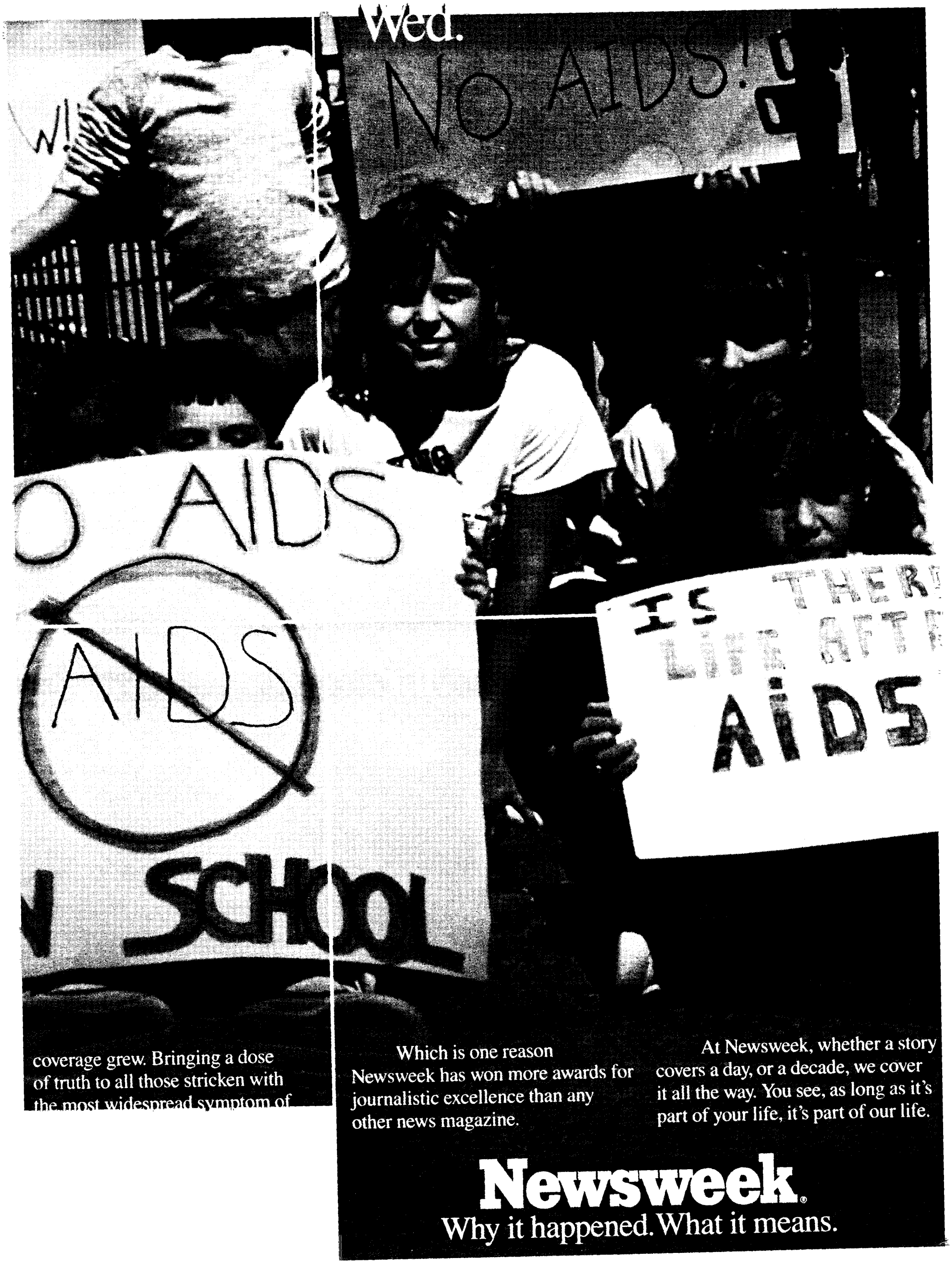
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Newsweek
Why it happened. What it means.

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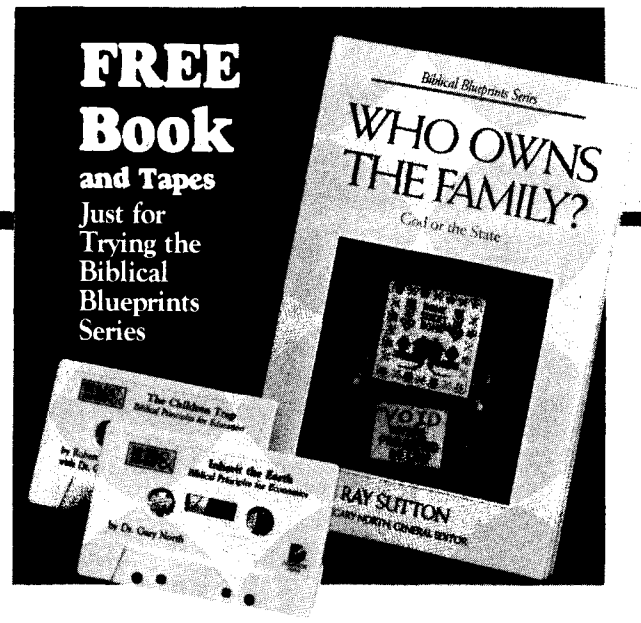
You Can't Lead if You Don't Know Where You're Going.



What Kind of World Will Christians Leave to Their Children?

A good man leaves an inheritance to his children's children, and the wealth of the sinner is stored up for the righteous. (Proverbs 13:22)

God has given us principles to live our lives by. When we follow them, we receive the blessings of God, and when we violate or ignore them, we pay the price: failure and judgment.

God has also given principles to show us how to run societies and nations. When we fail to follow these guidelines or blueprints, God allows us to reap the consequences of our disobedience.

If you live in a society which is violating God's principles, you will participate in the consequences which fall upon that society: disease, crime, unemployment, inflation, economic upheavals, wars, poor education, runaway divorce rates, pollution . . . .

But there is hope. There are answers. Rebellious nations can change their ways, and God can heal their land. Christians can leave a Godly inheritance for their children.

But the church — that's you — has to know what the Biblical answers are: **the Biblical Blueprints.**

Are Christians Second-Class Citizens?

Let's face facts. Humanists now run the show. They control the top positions of the government, the economic system, public education, entertainment, the media . . .

What is a humanist? Someone who thinks that man, and only man, can solve the problems that men face — and solve them without any reference to God or to the Bible. A humanist is someone who thinks that it's safe to ignore God.

Legislating *Immorality*

For the last one hundred years, Bible-believing Christians in America have been told by humanists:

"Keep your religion away from all areas of public and social policy. The Bible is only relevant to the inside of church buildings. The Bible doesn't require anything special from politicians and bureaucrats. You can't legislate morality. It's wrong to tell someone else how to live his life," etc., etc.

What this *really* means is that humanists want us to let them legislate anti-Biblical *immorality*. Pastors go to jail for operating church schools, while abortionists kill 1.5 million unborn babies a year, and get rich doing it.

Do they think God is blind? Do people think that the Bible is nothing more than a children's story book? Haven't they read about the judgments of God in history?

There's only one way to stop the coming judgments on our civilization: Christians have got to begin to exercise leadership, in every area of life.

Are Christians ready to lead? The answer is an unequivocal "NO," **if** we don't know where we are going. If Christians were to somehow have a majority in our governments (from city hall to Congress), but could only offer warmed-over, baptized humanism, we would lead our country to disaster and bring shame to the name of God. If you can't tell people where you're going, you have no right to lead. America today is waiting for a clear trumpet call.

Whose Blueprints?

A blueprint tells you the structural requirements of a building. God gave us blueprints in His Bible. He requires men to use them in the construction of society. The humanists deny this, of course; they want to impose **their** blueprints on the rest of us, and then have Christians pay for their building (taxes). At best, they let us arrange our furniture and paint the rooms the color we like. The rest is up to them.

Had enough of their blueprints? There **are** alternatives.

During the next few years, a multi-volume series of books called the **Biblical Blueprints Series** will be published by men who believe Christ makes a difference in every area of life, and that this difference should not only be visible in our private lives, but in our culture. Each book deals with a specific topic, in a simple, easy to read style, such as economics, government, the family, law, crime and punishment, welfare and poverty, taxes, money and banking, politics, the environment, the national debt, and much more.

Each book can be read in one evening, and will give you the basic Biblical principles on that topic. Each book concludes with three chapters on how to apply the principles in your life, the Church, and our nation. Every chapter is summarized, so that the entire book can be reviewed in just a few minutes.

If Christians don't set the political and social agenda, then the humanists will lead us over the cliffs. You can make a difference, but you must know where you are going. These books will help you.

We know where the permanent answers are found which will save our nation: in the Bible, and **only** in the Bible. The authors are calling the whole Christian community to join in **the most serious debate in the last 400 years.**

And the humanists won't like it one bit.

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The Conservative Caucus

"Christians need to have Biblically defined answers for the problems that confront society. The **Biblical Blueprints Series** is a tool Christians need to find these answers."

— Jerry Falwell

"The **Biblical Blueprints Series** is must reading for Christians who take the Bible seriously. It is time we became salt to the world. These Biblical answers to national problems will give us a new sense of what the Church is."

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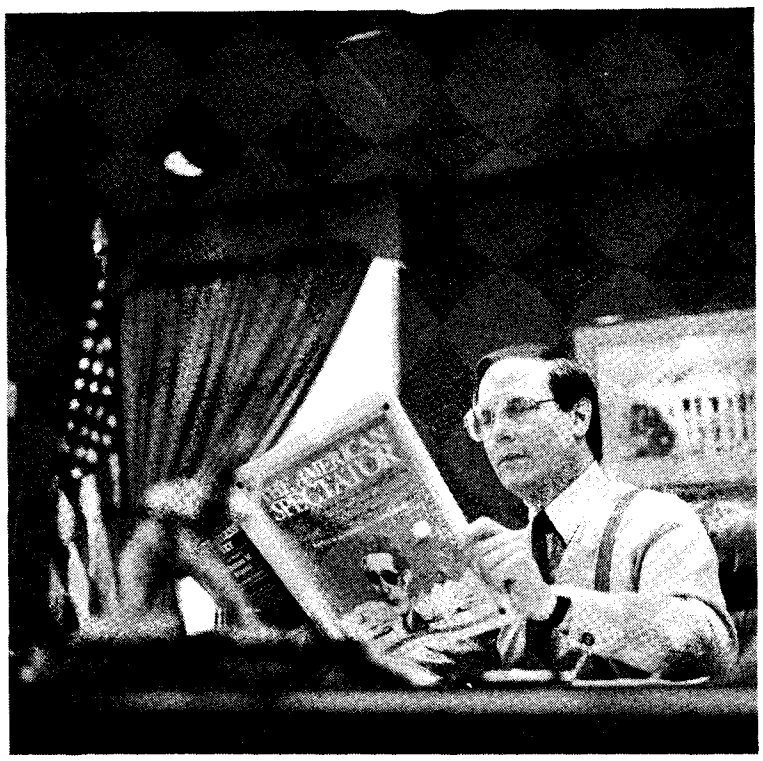

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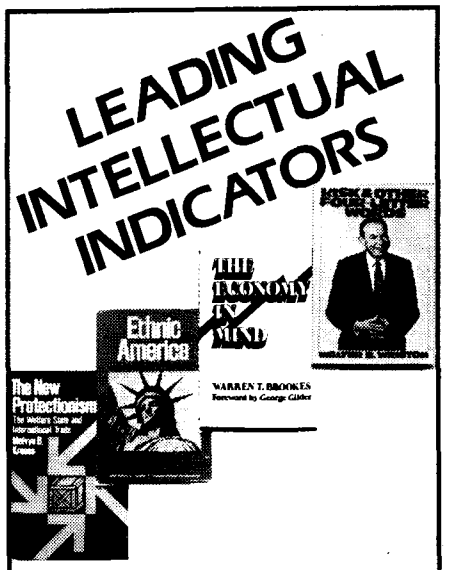

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•August swoons, September rises in its place. The faint fading of summer stirs traces of the mellowing year: the first smoky scent of autumn lifted in an evening breeze, the unearthly hue of leaves at sunrise, and, from the West Wing of the White House, the soft trickle of the staff going tinkle into specimen jars. For it is the urine tests—not tax reform, not summit jabber, not contra aid—that will commend August 1986 to the historians. As the fascinated scientists huddled over their microscopes, scrutinizing the highly classified presidential piddle, even Reaganites told the jokes: about federal liquidity, the President's willingness to stand up for what he believes, the irony of his attempts to stop government leaks. Easy jokes; but anyone doubting that the Reagan Revolution had entered the autumn of its years needed only to hear of the ludicrous gesture for convincing. Not even in his bluest funks did Jimmy ever volunteer to make water for the public's benefit—and he had to do it sitting down! What will the President do next? Will he carry his own bags when he hops off Air Force One? Will he enroll Maureen in an all-black public school? Build a treehouse for Ron Jr. in the Rose Garden? Fire his cabinet? For a rudderless administration the precedents are endless.

•From the art world comes news that a pair of aesthetes with a keen sense of irony stole Picasso's "Weeping Woman" from the Australian National Gallery and threatened to destroy it unless the government increased funding for the arts. The extremely reliable Miss Liz Smith reported that Mr. Garry Trudeau, mastermind of the bizarre "Doonesbury" cult, will not name his new baby boy Tyler, as he had planned. Mr. Trudeau's agents informed him that Tyler is the name of Dr. Henry Kissinger's dog. And arty San Jose, California, is still reeling from disclosures by city officials that Mr. David Bottini's brilliant "Great Planes Study No. 7," discovered missing from its downtown plaza in April, had most likely been mistaken for junk and hauled away by philistine construction workers. The city bought the 1500-pound *objet*, reductively described as "several steel plates bolted together and painted red, blue, black, and white," from Mr. Bottini ten years ago for $8,000.

•In Tucson, Arizona, an unidentified man wearing only a pair of shorts and one shoe was detained by police and treated for numerous puncture wounds after he spent forty-five minutes howling at the moon and embracing several saguaro cacti, which he had apparently mistaken for a group of nuns. "I'd never seen anything like that before," remarked Sister Lorretta Hall, who witnessed the man's heroic exertions. Mr. Joey Bavaresco, who several years ago constructed the world's largest pumpkin pie, wowed his constituency once again by building a 64-foot-long banana split in Oakland, California. In the Soviet Union, meanwhile, there were signs that the teetotaling Gorbachev's anti-alcoholism campaign is gathering steam when two policemen and two factory workers took their last drink in Moscow this month. As reported by Reuters, the dypsomaniacal foursome stole a gallon of what they thought was Russian liquor from an elderly woman, and although the stuff turned out to be antifreeze nobody could tell the difference. The party ended not long after the first jolly toast.

•Notwithstanding the listlessness in the White House, the entrepreneurial spirit the President unleashed around the globe continues to flourish. The Press Trust of India reported from New Delhi that an ingenious local firm has bought a license to collect the 150 dogs who daily give up the ghost on Bombay's boulevards, the idea being that with a little imagination this vast yield of canine epidermis might be fashioned into neckties and handbags that are simply stunning. And what about monogrammed hankies and boxer shorts for the Brooks Brothers set? In Iran yet another ancient craft, handed down from father to son over countless generations, was rendered obsolete by capitalism's juggernaut when an enterprising young Edison announced his invention of an automated device that clips fingers from the hands of unlucky thieves at a pace no human disciplinarian could match. Closer to home, recent scientific judgments that high temperatures reduce male fertility have caused Repro-Med Systems, Inc., of Morristown, New Jersey, to contrive an $800 "testicular hypothermia device." According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the sporty contraption consists of "very skimpy briefs into which tubes are sewn that connect to a small pump worn around the waist on a belt. The pump circulates cooling fluid through the briefs," causing a contraction, so to speak, of two to six degrees in "testicular temperature."

•Despite the sultry summer weather, chilling effects were felt everywhere: while American libertarians continued to shiver over the terrifying recommendations of the Meese commission on pornography, the jackboot fell in far-off Venice, where tourism officials sent letters to all of that city's gondoliers "requesting" that they refrain from singing "O Sole Mio," "Marechiaro," and other tunes of the Neapolitan persuasion. "This is not a reactionary initiative but a desire to reaffirm the Venetian musical tradition," said Mr. Augusto Salvadori, Venice's tourism commissioner. Tell it to People for the Venetian Way! The *New York Times* reported that in Lake Concordia, Louisiana, Mr. Alva Anding was sentenced by a jealous state judge to two years at hard labor for fibbing about the size of bass he had caught on the lake last year, and who could have predicted that Miss Judith Haimes, the psychic awarded $986,000 when a CAT scan permanently thwarted her remarkable gifts, would have the judgment overturned by a Philadelphia judge? Certainly not Miss Haimes.

•From California comes much news of the kind that maintains that state's position at culture's cutting edge. In Corte Madera, the indispensable National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers reported that Mr. Kelen Nelson, an eight-month-old gentleman residing in progressive Marin County, has sued his physician on six separate counts relating to the doctor's decision to circumcise the little litigant without so much as a patient-doctor conference. In his suit, Mr. Nelson claims for himself the "Constitutional right to his foreskin absent some unusual medical reason to remove it." From an eight-month-old these are strong words, but Mrs. Marilyn Milos, director of the Centers, was not surprised at Mr. Nelson's precocious action. Shrugged she: "I suppose it was inevitable that an American boy would claim a right to his natural body." Mr. Jonathan Moreland, attending a rock concert by the Cure in Inglewood, left no uncertainty as to his opinion of the British band's musicianship when he stabbed himself repeatedly in the chest and abdomen shortly after the concert opened. Everybody's a critic! The scissor-wielding "Hair Cutter" of Norwalk claimed his eighth victim when he slipped up behind Miss Esther Martinez at a bus stop and relieved her of her waist-length locks. "We have a very strong feeling it is a hair fetish," ventured Sheriff's Detective Mr. Steve Manthorne. And in Mountain View, Miss Kathy Velvet, curator of the Traveling Elvis Presley Memorabilia Museum, removed the late Mr. Presley's underwear from her exhibit after the dainty unmentionables drew what she considered frivolous press coverage. "We've got Elvis' wedding ring, his jewelry, his guitar, and his Rolls Royce, and all people were asking about was his underwear," said the exasperated Miss Velvet. "I couldn't handle it."

•An alert TWA pilot made an emergency landing in Wichita, Kansas, when he spied two suspicious packages among his plane's cargo. A police bomb squad carefully removed and detonated the packages as a safety precaution, only to discover that they were stuffed with soiled diapers. Mr. John Cherne, a TWA spokesman, announced that "the Pampers won't hurt anyone," although nobody noticed him volunteering to clean the place up. The U.S. contestant in Panama City's Miss Universe competition, Miss Christy Fletcher, told assembled reporters that she was living proof that "a beautiful girl can have a mind," then seriously undercut her case by adding that her ambition was someday to host a television talk show. And in Basel, Switzerland, a vigilant policeman was swept away by a whirlpool in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue a drowning duck.

•In other news from the animal kingdom, Mr. Jeurgen Hergert topped his own 90-day record for living in a glass enclosure while entertaining a high-strung group of rattlers, puff adders, cobras, and a particularly friendly black mamba. In a desperation move, the Lee Richardson Zoo in Garden City, Kansas, has called in Mr. Alan Campbell, an elephant psychologist—

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by which I mean, a human psychologist who treats elephants—to have a go at Twinkles, a fickle 6500-pounder. Twinkles has lately been showing signs of moodiness, which will make her even less inclined to take to the couch for extended doses of Freudian claptrap. In Louisville, Kentucky, Mr. William Bowen, who is blind, pleaded innocent to drunk driving charges on the grounds that his highly intelligent dog, Bud, was in fact driving the car before the arrest. And to think that in Bombay poor Bud might have ended up a necktie! Finally, the saga of Frederik the elephant came to a poignant close when he was released from his private hell and pronounced dead in the Givskud Lion Park zoo in Jutland, Denmark. Four days before his death, Mr. Frederik was wantonly humiliated by seven females who were unsatisfied with his performance in conjugal matters: after chasing him into a muddy pond, they watched as he was extricated at last with the aid of a crane. The attack capped a prolonged, explicit, and obnoxious pattern of harassment by the female pachyderms—in human terms, something on the order of spending twenty minutes with Miss Eleanor Smeal. "[Mr.] Frederik had always been a bit frail," said Mr. Leif Nielsen, director of the zoo. "It was as if he'd given up hope for a decent life." What man can blame him? *—AF*

CORRESPONDENCE

Clarification

In Penn Kemble's review last month of Sidney Blumenthal's *The Rise of the Counter-Establishment*, it was noted that Mr. Blumenthal began his career at *In These Times*, the "independent socialist newspaper" now published by the Institute for Public Affairs. At the time Mr. Blumenthal was filing dispatches, however, the magazine was published by the Institute for Policy Studies—an interesting item, in part because Mr. Blumenthal has lately written lavishly about IPS for the *Washington Post* without mentioning his earlier relationship with the institution.

—The Editors

To The Editor (Myself?):

Tom Bethell's column in our July issue has apparently left me talking to myself, and in public. What evokes this onanlalia is Bethell's rare lapse into error, and a common error at that. Winston Churchill was not speaking of the Russians but of the Huns when on May 19, 1943, in a speech to Congress, he said, "The Hun is always either at your throat or at your feet."

—R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
McLean, Virginia

The Navy Fights Back

Regarding the review of *Top Gun* by Bruce Bawer ("Shooting Blanks," *TAS*, August 1986), the U.S. Navy is crying all the way to the recruiting office! In fact, its enticement to "joining up" has worked to benefit all of the services. A few weeks ago the son of a friend completed "Red Flag," the Air Force advanced tactical fighter training program at Nellis AFB, Nevada. Upon entering Las Vegas in uniform, he was besieged by high school-age kids who had recently seen *Top Gun*. "How can I become a FIGHTER PILOT?" was the incessant refrain. The artistic value of the film may be low, but it sure is good at what it does.

—Robert C. Whitten, President
Santa Clara
Valley Council
Navy League of the U.S.
Moffett Field, California

Over 30 years ago, I was a combat qualified Officer of the Deck on an Essex Class aircraft carrier in Task Force 77 in the Pacific. About two years of that and about 9,000 accident-free launches and recoveries of jet aircraft, plus the years since then, permitted me to conclude that no motion picture show has ever captured the essence of Naval flight operations aboard an aircraft carrier. Not one, and this includes *Task Force*, with Gary Cooper, *Midway*, with an assortment of fine actors, and seemingly hundreds of miles of U.S. Navy training film, much of which is integrated into public films such as *Midway*.

If the tremendous ability, and strain, are not shown, then they are never known except to those persons who actually do or did participate in Naval flight operations.

The movie *Top Gun* is outstanding because it permits the non-participant to understand both the ability and the strain in carrier operations, as no other film has ever done.

Mr. Bawer's review, I suggest, is very wide of the mark, and far too steeped in psychological pother. *Top Gun* teaches that if you are not the best, you die! It suggests that a Naval fighter pilot must have the arrogance of a William J. Brennan, and the justified confidence of a heart surgeon. As for Mr. Bawer's notion that the film exploits "ignorant, infantile, and ignoble attitudes toward both personal and international relations," it does exactly the opposite. It is great because it repudiates, may I say, "Washington-Cool." This refers to the attitude found in Washington characters who in ignorance and with ignoble attitudes send fine men and pilots to their death, and might remember their orders long enough to drink just a little more that evening at the cocktail party, as they explain their decision and spill their food. The Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon Administrations may be remembered both for utter social disintegration and lots and lots of "Washington-Cool."

As for the "sex and sack" to which Mr. Bawer seems to object, it does not detract from the principal meaning of the film although its "sex and sack" are not subtle. Granted that this is not Grace Kelly and William Holden in *The Bridges of Toko-Ri*, but that beautiful film teaches only that men will die from "Washington-Cool," as Holden died, and that their women and children alone knew what their husbands and fathers did, and how very good they were as men, pilots, and Americans.

Top Gun permits all viewers, not just the remaining women and children, to know and understand something about the abilities of the men who as Naval carrier persons fly and sail at the edge of our civilized order, and who are the distinction between the light of a free community, and the nations where it is forever dark.

—William F. Harvey
Carl M. Gray Professor of Law
Indiana University School of Law
Indianapolis, Indiana

Bruce Bawer replies:

Mr. Whitten and I are in accord: I agree with him that *Top Gun* is a successful recruiting film and he agrees with me that it is aesthetically deficient. His remark that the movie "sure is good at what it does" makes me suspect, however, that we differ on the question of what it is that a general release Hollywood film like *Top Gun* is supposed to do.

As for Professor Harvey, I wish that *Top Gun* had some hints—just a *touch*—of the fine seriousness, the consciousness of a moral purpose, with which he concludes his letter. Alas, it doesn't: the Russians in *Top Gun* are like video game opponents; they are the enemy because, well, they are the enemy. Yes, the film affords elaborate (if glossy) coverage to aircraft carrier operations, fighter plane maneuvers, and the like, but these fine documentary sequences are tucked in between the episodes of an inane story that makes war look like a big game and makes fighter pilots look like cases of arrested development. If Professor Harvey saw *Top Gun* differently, I suspect he unconsciously carried his own thirty-year-old memories of real-life stress, heroism, and moral purpose to the movie theater with him.

By the way, that William Holden film was called *The Bridges* at *Toko-Ri*. And let me assure the reader that "sex and sack" is Harvey's expression, not mine.

Tuckeritis

William Tucker creates two difficulties for me ["Bring Back the Jury" *TAS*, August 1986]. First, his philosophy, and second, his writing. As to philosophy, I would point to page 20 of the August issue, the third column, where Mr. Tucker states that "the popular view is that the Warren Court expanded the rights of criminals. This is indeed true and does not need argument." This is indeed false and it does need argument. The point being that, arguably, the Warren Court expanded the rights of *defendants*. This may seem to be an insubstantial point, but it is a point upon which hinges the ability of an author to write on the subject Mr. Tucker chooses. To be unable to see the distinction strongly suggests that Mr. Tucker begins with a prejudice that is carried throughout his meanderings and consequently invalidates many of the assumptions which he, like any author, requests his readership to make. The tone of Tucker's article then becomes something akin to "Let's get the golldang lawyers and judges outa there, and use some common sense." The problem is that most of what Tucker froths about is a distillation of a few hundred years of common sense.

As to his writing, I question the ability of an individual who in the third column of page 19 quotes in full the Seventh Amendment to the United States Constitution and less than three inches away in the fourth column on page 19 misquotes it (U.S. Constitution: *no fact tried*; William Tucker: *retrying cases on the facts*.) The distinction is enormous to the knowledgeable.

As he has done in his earlier article, "Private Prosecutions," as printed in your May issue, Mr. Tucker again misinterprets, misapplies, misuses, and misses the point. He constantly moves

(continued on page 52)

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EDITORIALS

HAVE MERCY

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

As the Reagan Revolution encroaches even onto the staid regions of the judiciary, conservatives are joyous. Yet what is a conservative to make of the Administration's most recent Supreme Court nominee, Judge Antonin Scalia? It is said that he is a witty, literate intellectual but so hostile to the press that he is itching to make it easier to sue for libel. To do so would be a grave mistake.

Given Judge Scalia's lively cast of mind, his hostility to our press is understandable and perhaps inescapable. Our press is the most monotonous in the free world. So rarely does one encounter a journalist with anything daring or even original to say that our First Amendment is really quite unnecessary. In truth, it is no more critical to the health of American journalism than a gall bladder is to the health of Mr. Arnold Schwarzenegger. Yet easing libel law will not improve the press or increase freedom or preserve the values of the Founding Fathers.

Look around you, Judge Scalia. We live in a country where a psychic, having charged that a CAT scan destroyed her miraculous powers, successfully sued for a million dollars. America is already an unpleasantly litigious place. Conservatives have been trying to remove the police power of the state from private lives. Easing the restraints on libel will do precisely the opposite; and the American press will become, if the thing be possible, even more timorous and tedious.

Already, our journalists live in dire fright of offending the reigning orthodoxy. They are at pains to ask only the approved questions, to affect the proper pieties, to express themselves in the same asphyxiating middle-brow argot. They approach practically every issue from the same direction, like a herd in mindless motion. To force them to confront any added terrors would be cruel and futile. After all, easier libel actions will most likely affect only private citizens and that stalwart band of independent journalists who write in the Republic's intellectual journals.

Such journals are a rare source of diversity and originality in the otherwise bleak realm of American media. The journalists of the herd usually work for vast communications organizations rich with lawyers capable of sustaining lawsuits for years. Small journals have no such resources, nor do private citizens. Growing evidence indicates that easing the grounds for libel will not affect CBS or Time-Life. Rather, independent citizens who might complain publicly about shady business or governmental practices will be the victims of libel actions. This is a problem already.

Judge Scalia has expressed his fear that many journalists have no regard for the truth and "often destroy private reputations at will." But it is not easy for the press to destroy reputations. For one thing, standards of public conduct are far from Victorian. Whatever the reason, ours is a very forgiving society, or at least a neglectful society. There disport before us notables whose past deeds would in more discriminating times have placed them beyond the pale. Then, too, whenever a reporter or commentator sets out to wreck a reputation, sensible readers usually know what he is up to and discount his heroics.

Admittedly, in politics the press has set back some political ambitions—for instance, those of Richard Allen, the former national security adviser. Yet the press's success in damaging the careers of innocents has usually depended on the pusillanimity of political leaders. When political leaders have stood by such appointees as Kenneth Adelman, head of our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and Attorney General Edwin Meese, these decent men have triumphed. The press is not the revered institution that its heroes assume. Most of the tempests it has perpetrated have receded rapidly into the vapors of uncertain memory as Americans forgive and forget.

The promise of conservatives such as Judge Scalia is not more restrictions on personal freedom but an end to what Nathan Glazer has called the Imperial Judiciary and a return to the original intent of the Founding Fathers. In the Founders' time, political expression was bold and varied. Royal governors found themselves being vilified as "criminals." Ordinary colonists suspected of trading with the Crown found their names published in colonial newspapers. Surely, when the Founding Fathers wrote the First Amendment, this tradition of free speech was on their minds. It should be on our minds now. Judge Scalia's challenge is not to tame the press but to enliven it and to expose it to intellect. □

(This editorial originally appeared in somewhat different form in the New York Times.*)*

GOOD FEELINGS

Make of it what you will, but on a growing list of political issues it is almost impossible to discern any difference whatsoever between the conservatives and the liberals. This is a new development. Notwithstanding years of disagreement—sometimes quite heated—conservatives and liberals are now earnestly declaiming their noble and apparently identical goals. We may well have entered America's second Era of Good Feelings.

Consider some issues. Are conservatives in favor of a strong foreign policy? Forsooth, so are the liberals! Do conservatives prescribe work rather than the narcotic welfare? So do liberals. Are conservatives out to curb terrorism? The liberals are with them! Facts are facts: today conservatives and liberals stand together foursquare for balanced budgets, lower taxes, the family.

How then are we to tell them apart? On every one of these issues there will be a fellow who after a heroic oath to straight thinking will invariably bootleg in the high-minded caveat, that is to say, a suave qualification absolving him from taking any forceful action whatsoever. He is the liberal, and the wretch whom he vilifies for suggesting forceful action is the conservative. The conservative is then the person who is actually willing to do something about a problem that all Americans, conservative and liberal alike, wring their hands over. The liberal is the person who divides his time between stupendous hand-wringing and anxious denunciation of the conservative, whom he often finds "simplistic."

As a consequence of this confusion

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very little can be done to relieve many of our public problems. Drug abuse is a timely example of how policy initiatives are flummoxed in this Era of Good Feelings. Gone are the days when the enlightened liberal spoke of drugs as a sacred American freedom. No more do we hear vegetarians and nudists extolling the harmless recreational assets of marijuana. Today when Ronald Reagan and the conservative faithful call for rigor against drugs, which have become so prevalent in our schools, the liberals join in with all their legendary eloquence. "The extent of drug use in America is a national disaster," the Rev. Jesse Jackson notified Congress recently, whereupon he promptly fell on Secretary of Education William Bennett for advocating the expulsion and arrest of student users and pushers. "Hope," the Rev. Jackson sang, is "the great antidote to dope," and he advocated still more drug education programs.

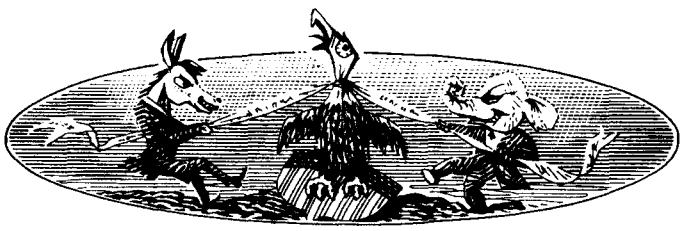
The unfortunate Bennett has been a frequent victim of liberal high-mindedness. This summer he urged university presidents to send students a letter reading, "Welcome back to your studies in September, but no drugs on campus. None. Period." That seemingly mild suggestion somehow evoked enormous alarm on campus. The medical director of the University of Virginia's drug treatment facility envisaged "the Gestapo in the dormitories." And the university's president purred: "The message to convey is a little more complex than Secretary Bennett said."

What separates Bennett from liberals is that he is actually simplistic enough to have dreamed up a policy for dealing with drugs in our schools. As he informed the House Select Committee on Narcotics, he would expel students caught using or merchanting drugs. Now there is a policy suggestion for you. Surely it would end drug use in schools, and the Secretary offered numerous examples where such a policy had been effective. It did him no good. The Hon. Charles Rangel, the very intellectual and liberal chairman of the House committee, replied that "to kick them out is an easy thing to do. Now that they're kicked out, what do we do? Where's the education, I mean, kicking them out is easy, I could do that. I'm not an educator, but I know how to kick out bums. . . ." Note the righteous indignation. Note the honorable gentleman's unanimity with the conservative in opposing drugs. But note too how poor Bennett is depicted as an oaf for actually suggesting action against drug use.

Irving Kristol, the editor of the indispensable journal of social analysis, the *Public Interest*, observed over a decade ago that liberals had lost the appetite to govern, that is: to make difficult choices and to enforce them. Secretary Bennett has demonstrated that he does have the appetite to govern and even to brave the abuse of those who find comfort in the old bromides. That is one of the reasons that he and his boss are today so popular with the electorate. □

(Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.)*

CAPITOL IDEAS



SEOUL SEARCHING

by Tom Bethell

There were about forty of us on the tour of northeast Asia, arranged and paid for by the World Media Association. An exceptionally efficient and courteous tour staff of much maligned "Moonies" did so much to make our trip a happy one. It was like being on a well-organized school trip for three weeks, with nothing to worry about and the bus waiting outside the hotel, ready to take us to our next briefing or banquet. Larry Moffitt was once again our good shepherd.

Door to door Washington to Seoul took 24 hours, with a change of planes in Tokyo. The capital of (South) Korea, Seoul turned out to be a huge, booming metropolis, where everyone seemed to be working at about double the American pace. (It has 9.5 million people, and this year Korea is growing at a ten-percent rate.) From Seoul we retraced our steps to Tokyo, thence to Beijing (formerly Peking), then south to Manila with a stopover in Hong Kong, and finally to Taipei (capital of the Republic of China on Taiwan) before returning to New York.

It was steaming hot everywhere we went, but this did not prevent us from finding facts as planned. (We were on a "fact-finding tour," but Larry Moffitt suggested in Beijing that this might have to be changed to fat-finding.) Our group included different factions, among them supply-siders (Jude Wanniski of Polyconomics, Bruce Bartlett of the Heritage Foundation, Alvin Rabushka of the Hoover Institution), hardliners (Arnold Beichman of Hoover, James Gregor of U.C. Berkeley, William Rusher of *National Review*, not to mention the redoubtable Col. Bo Hi Pak himself), and many others too diverse to mention.

The Soviet Buildup was very much the preoccupation of the hardliners. But since this is something that is difficult to observe directly on such a tour, I found myself worrying less about it than about the extraordinary economic growth that is taking place in this part of the world, which of course we could see with our own eyes. The Soviet Buildup we studied at military briefings *en route*: all very worrying because the Soviets always seem to come out ahead in these blackboard contests, involving (it seems) the transportation of strategic minerals and matériel down sea lanes past "chokepoints."

"Strategy" enthusiasts understand that we live in a dangerous world. And to increase our security they advocate a suit of armor apiece. By contrast supply-siders are like doctors who recognize that suits of armor can do nothing for such internal disorders as cancer or influenza. Troops must be in good health if they are to fight at all—"health" in this metaphor being a sound economy. Communism is not just an external threat that must be fended off with shields, but a potentially internal, "indigenous" growth that can devour a society from within. Supply-siders believe that a nation whose domestic policies encourage economic growth will by the same token be strong enough to repel external assault.

"Can you imagine as we sit here," Beichman said one day at the Little Angels School in Seoul, where children were dazzlingly practicing Chopin and Bach on Steinways, "that thirty miles to the north is that madman Kim Il Sung?" He was referring to the Communist dictator of North Korea. Later we would visit the demilitarized zone between the two countries, which is only twenty-five miles from Seoul.

Of course one had read all about the booming economies of the Pacific Rim. Still, the dynamism of Korea came as a shock. You had the impression of a gigantic, unified middle class moving forward in unison, without the terrible divisiveness that is now so characteristic of American life. It was the same in Taiwan. And the impression of a united phalanx was even stronger in Japan. The Philippines, by contrast, had "Third World" written all over it: U.S. foreign aid, socialism unleashed, privilege and poverty, indigenous Communism, military storm clouds on the horizon. Peking divided our group into optimists (supply-siders), who believe that China will continue to liberalize, and pessimists (hardliners), who argue that Leninist parties never surrender power voluntarily. History is on the side of the pessimists, but I found myself among the optimists and was roundly scolded by Beichman for my gullibility.

Ultimately the sources of the Asian resurgence remain a mystery in my view. Oh, I know about the tax-rate argument. You can guess it didn't take our group long to figure out the tax rates wherever we went. No sooner were we through customs than Jude Wanniski was on the phone to Price Waterhouse, the accounting firm that keeps track of tax rates around the

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Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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globe. The pure supply-side position is that people are basically the same everywhere and won't (in normal times) work hard if governments snatch too much from them. That is, you can't have high tax rates and high growth rates at the same time—anywhere in the world.

Korea seemed at first to be an anomaly because its income tax rates look high on paper. You hit the 31 percent bracket at around $14,000, Wanniski told us one evening after spending the morning at Price Waterhouse. But, he added, there's a glorious loophole: a flat 16 percent tax rate on dividend and interest income, which puts Korea in the Hong Kong class. As Bruce Bartlett said, this creates an incentive to set up lots of small businesses. "You incorporate even at the smallest levels and pay yourself in dividends," he said. "There's a big incentive not to work for others." This is enhanced by a VAT-step: Small businesses pay VAT at a moderate rate as long as income stays below a given threshold. All this explains the myriad small businesses we saw along every street.

Our supply-siders also agreed that Korea's GNP must be higher than reported (about $2100 per capita). Trade preferences would be lost at higher income per capita levels. Furthermore, Wanniski, Rabushka & Co. agreed that as real income grows in Korea, taxpayers will soon be bumping up against uncomfortable tax rates if the tax code is not rewritten.

No doubt it will be. My impression was that moderate taxation is a necessary condition of rapid economic growth, but an insufficient explanation for it. There is something else. Racial? I would use the unfashionable word "destiny." It is as though the whole population understands at a subconscious level that this is their moment in history, and the tax code is the result not the cause of this state of affairs.

Korea is a rising nation, and at such moments of destiny countries will take the right steps without necessarily understanding what they are doing or why. One evening a prominent Seoul businessman, Mr. Lee Kie-Hong, came to speak to us, and if he is at all typical he provided dramatic confirmation of this somnambulistic theory of policy-making. He assured us that the Korean success story was attributable to the following: U.S. foreign aid, wise government planning, and the Koreans' penchant for mortgaging their homes to pay for higher education for the kids—"a World Bank view of the world," as Bruce Bartlett said.

Mr. Lee added the key datum, without seeming to grasp its significance, that Korea's U.S. foreign aid had been cut off following State Department pique at the military coup of 1961.

The mystery is how the country has managed to establish the security of private property in an authoritarian political climate. Indeed, the fact that it has been able to do so strongly indicates that democracy is not a prerequisite for the establishment of the rule of law. One afternoon a group of us drove across Seoul to see Kim Dae Jung, the opposition leader who so frequently appears on the op-ed pages of American newspapers. We removed our shoes and were ushered into a heavily furnished room with a long, low table, bonsai trees, Tyrolean clock (the gift of Helmut Schmidt), and an antique-style, gold-handled telephone. Kim Dae Jung sat at one end of the table, as serene as any Buddha. Outside, beyond a patch of garden a somehow Western girl stood watching from a second floor window. In what Bond movie had I seen this scene before? Our host was not this week under house arrest but would be the next. He had for each of us a package containing his Harvard-published work, *Mass-Participatory Economy: A Democratic Alternative for Korea*. His wife brought us watermelon on side plates.

We scribbled away like dutiful jour-

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nalists. It seemed to me that Kim (favorite authors: Arnold Toynbee and J. K. Galbraith) represented the interests of frustrated intellectuals and was doing so in the name of workers and farmers. He spoke frequently of despair, oppression, social injustice, and the absence of democracy. "There is no freedom of speech," he said, "civil rights have not been restored."

We ate our watermelon, and put on our shoes. Then he came outside to be photographed with the group: a very genial man who may have spent too much time in exile in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Arnold Beichman told him that he looked much younger than his 60 years—attributing this to the good effects of ginseng tea. Kim Dae Jung seemed pleased by this observation.

Later we met another opposition faction—this time on the 36th-floor Belle Vue suite of the world-class Lotte Hotel. Over a pre-luncheon orange juice we were introduced to a row of smartly suited Kims ("How do you do, my name is Mr. Kim," they all said), the leader of whom, Kim Young Sam, was banned in 1980 from all political activity but was now cheerfully addressing us in front of TV lights.

Unicams and Betacams rolled as we ate our tender steak with baby carrots and broccoli. Heavy crystal, miniature potted palms, liveried waiters, floral displays, and fine bone china formed the backdrop to his speech, which dealt with such grim matters as "trials and hardships and difficulties . . . Injustice . . . not one word in the press about . . . Freedom of the press is the foundation by which . . . dictatorial powers."

In fairness to the dissident Kims, their economic agenda did not seem at all radical and one felt that if any of them does come to power in 1988, when the ruling autocrat, President Chun, has vowed to step down, the country's economic growth will continue undisturbed.

We drove by bus to the misleadingly named Demilitarized Zone, which actually is militarized, with one million soldiers facing each other across the four-kilometer strip of heavily mined territory. As we drove north of Seoul into the countryside Bartlett remarked that Korea looked more developed than a number of West European countries, for example, Greece, Spain, and Portugal.

First we went down into one of the three known tunnels the North Koreans have dug under the DMZ. It was deep, chilly, and damp: we walked like miners 550 paces down a steep incline through dripping rocks. Defectors say there are other tunnels, still undiscovered. (On the other hand it must be difficult to carry out the necessary blasting operations without being detected.) Then we drove up to a lookout point, from which we could just discern the hills of North Korea through the heat haze. Our guide, a young Korean conscript, explained to us that across the border were two "propaganda villages" with fake buildings and no inhabitants. All the lights go on simultaneously in the evening, he said. In the distance, visible on a clear day, stood a giant statue of Kim Il Sung, "the living god of North Korea."

There was no sign of life to the north, but unexpectedly we could hear the distant sound of music, a gargling mermaid from the distant peaks, trying to lure unsuspecting South Koreans across the DMZ to the Communist fatherland. Our guide ("so solemn, so serious," said Marion Magid of *Commentary*) told us that sometimes when the siren's ululations ceased a loudspeaker would announce: "All right, drop your guns, come on over, we've got you covered." This would be followed by slanderous broadcasts and denunciations, bearing the unmistakable imprint of the Great Leader of the People. □

(To be continued)

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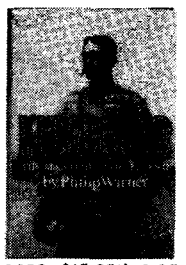
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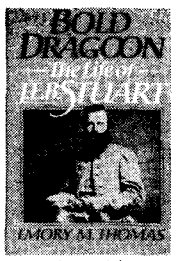

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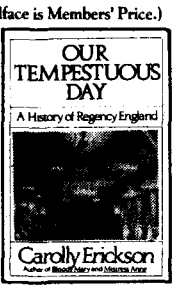

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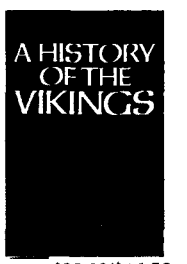

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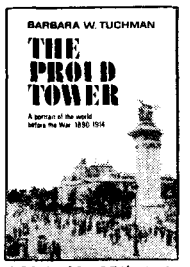

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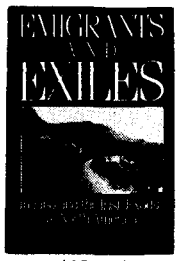

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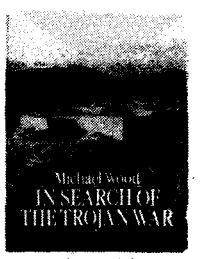

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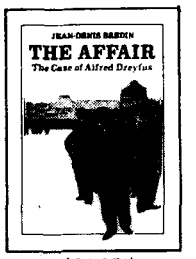

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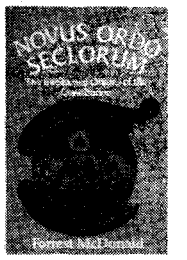

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TWO MORE YEARS: A FINAL REAGAN AGENDA

Conservatives offer some thoughts and recommendations.

Ronald Reagan's presidency was never supposed to be. He first sought the White House in 1968 and was turned back once and for all by the legendary Ford in 1976. Throughout Reagan's political career he had been the candidate from the Goldwater wing of the GOP, the radical right, ultraconservatism, National Review*! He was to politics what William F. Buckley, Jr. was to journalism, albeit less* soigné*. In addition, as the 1970s lengthened he was dismissed as too aged for the rigors of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, too lazy—and he had orange hair. By 1978 the poor man was a has-been, and those of us who tried to introduce him to polite society were curiosities. When Ron did win the presidency most of those who had theretofore dismissed him suddenly sensed that the presidency was no longer quite so grand and emblazoned with eagles. They had protested the Imperial Presidency, but this diminution of it went too far. For others the presidency ceased to exist entirely. These were the New Age Liberals. They suffer horribly from what Dr. Freud calls the denial syndrome. They have denied their every botch from Vietnam to Jimmy. For them Ronald Reagan's presidency has never begun. What was not to be cannot be. They are children of faith.*

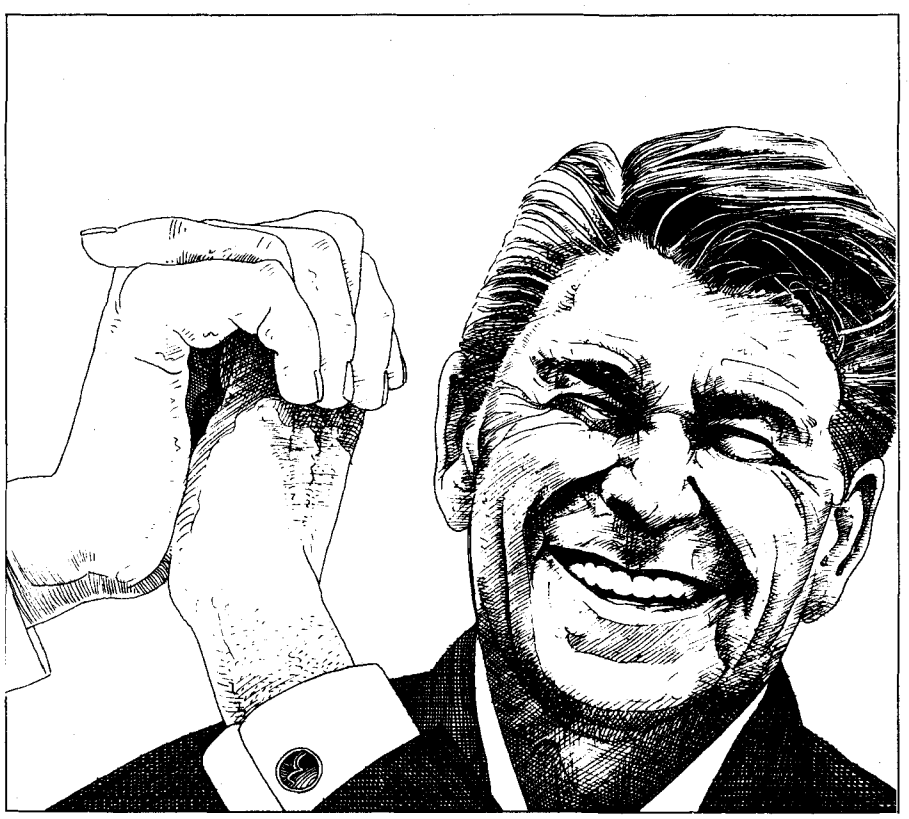
For the rest of us, the Reagan presidency has been a gratifying success, though some may have hoped for more. Reagan has revived the military and intelligence services, improving our security. He has cut marginal tax rates, ended tax bracket creep, and returned the economy to health. In desperation many of the President's opponents have fallen on his friends in politics, media, and the universities. It has been a high-minded hate campaign, as all such campaigns are. Yet the desiderata of Reaganites survive. Alternative desiderata are too idiotic to command the Republic's full attention.

There have been salutary changes. With Jeane Kirkpatrick at the United Nations anti-Americanism subsided in the Third World. With our military build-up and with greater realism in foreign policy the spread of Soviet influence has slowed and in Grenada it was reversed. The economy grows without inflation's digitalis. The vast extent of these changes remains either unacknowledged or misperceived. Recall, if you will, the legends about the Reagan cuts and the Reagan military spending spree.

The President's opponents take solace in poppycock, notably the canard that his success springs from seductive powers beyond the dreams of Casanova. Where were his powers in the 1960s and 1970s? Presumably they come only with great age. In truth, Reagan is a competent politician with a superb sense of timing reminiscent of FDR's. But like FDR this President is the beneficiary of a historic event, one that his opponents cannot admit. Ronald Reagan faces an opposition bereft of coherent ideas. What was once Liberalism is now hopelessly besotted in infantile radicalism.

Before the 1980 election commentators recognized that presidential races are always for the incumbent to lose, not for the challenger to win. The 1980 electorate voted against Jimmy Carter and the bouillabaisse of small ideas that he represented, not for Ronald Reagan. It was a colossal rejection of New Age Liberalism, colossal because the electorate preferred discredited Goldwaterism to the New Age heir to FDR. This was no conservative mandate. That could only come in 1984, and that President Reagan demurred from asking for a mandate in 1984 was a grave error. It would have made these last two years easier for him and more fruitful.

Now the Reagan presidency is slowly losing steam. It has accomplished much, but in the symposium ahead it is obvious that conservatives still believe much more can be done. Unfortunately the Administration seems to be oblivious to its condition. It does not recognize the vitality of its think tanks and magazines. Instead of resorting to these sources for renewed vigor the Administration is resorting to public relations and imagery. Its present goal is to assure the President's place in history.



This sudden reverence for history is difficult to account for. Astrology is taken more seriously in Washington than history. Were that not true Vietnam's recent history and Iran's would conduce the locals toward forceful policies against the Sandinistas and toward restraint toward South Africa, a country whose dissolution will mean not only the loss of a strategically important piece of real estate but also the eventual loss of all of central and east Africa to our enemies.

If the White House's respect for history is genuine the President will avoid posturing over summit meetings and arms accords. These popular and empty gestures might befool and befriend journalists, but not the historians. To assure a place in history the President should follow up on his historic insight that strategic defense is more crucial to continued peace than the pursuit of arms control agreements that the Soviet regime could not possibly accept. Let the President be counseled by Cuba's decades of despotism and truculence and see to it that democracy is brought to Nicaragua. Let him continue to cultivate a healthy economy and return the judiciary to its proper role by appointing judges who respect judicial restraint and the Constitution.

Those are my personal recommendations for the remaining years of the Reagan Administration, but I have asked other conservatives to file their thoughts. What is striking about this symposium is the diversity of its recommendations, a diversity more reflective of vigor than anything else, for all these recommendations spring from the same fundamental value, to wit, a free society. There is no reason for the last two

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years of the Reagan Administration to be years of listlessness. The following symposium reveals that there are many policy initiatives to be executed and the vigor to go with them. —RET

FRED BARNES

This is very simple. President Reagan needs to establish firmly the two policies that, along with his massive tax cuts, may be his most important legacy. Both are now in great jeopardy. I'm talking about the Reagan Doctrine and Star Wars. If he waffles or retreats, it's curtains for both. And there's one more thing he'd better do: eliminate some federal programs and cut others to the bone. That's what he came to Washington to do, after all, but year after year he's been giving up without a good faith effort. It's the unfinished part of his agenda. The continued existence of the Small Business Administration ought to be a constant rebuke to him.

But hasn't the President already done enough on the Reagan Doctrine—aiding anti-Communist insurgents around the world in hopes of rolling back the Soviet empire—and Star Wars? Well, he's done an awful lot, and he deserves enormous credit. If it weren't for him, just a single individual, we wouldn't be backing with guns and ammo the anti-Sandinista rebels in Nicaragua. Any other political leader would have given up, bowing to unfavorable public opinion polls and repeated defeats in Congress. Reagan didn't. Now he must be both steadfast in his policy and evangelical. He and I may like the contras, but the nation doesn't. It will take more than a few contra military successes to change millions of minds. It will take a protracted effort at public persuasion, carried out by the man himself.

My fear, of course, is that Reagan's successor in 1989 will abandon the Reagan Doctrine either because of wishy-washiness or because of disagreement with it. In other words, merely electing a Republican may not be sufficient to preserve the policy. There needs to be public support of the policy, which would be transformed into pressure on the next administration to embrace the doctrine as warmly as Reagan himself has. The same goes for Star Wars. The nation hasn't been convinced yet that it offers a credible escape from the balance of nuclear terror. This explains why Congress is nicking away at spending for the program. What Reagan needs to obtain is greater public appreciation of what Star Wars offers, and then enough funding so that some aspects of the anti-missile defense system will be operational in 1989. This would make it almost impossible for a new President to jettison the thing. Reagan has been fine so far on Star Wars. I can't imagine another President bold enough to have gone with it, and stuck with it, even as the Washington press corps was saying it was farfetched, a bargaining chip with the Soviets, or both.

I guess my biggest surprise in the Reagan presidency has been that the guy hasn't done more to cut nonmilitary spending. Every politician has a dark side, and Reagan's is a tendency to succumb to crude political expediency. I point to subsidized wheat for the Soviets as the latest example of Reagan's choosing politics over principle (a deeply held principle, I might add). Okay, the wheat deal's only one item. But what about federal spending? Reagan has devoted the last three decades to a full-throated crusade against Washington and its tax-and-spend practices. He's succeeded in changing the tax side. That leaves spending. He's got to try harder, much, much harder. Surely Reagan doesn't want the liberals to be correct when they call him the biggest spender of all. Perish the thought.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

TOM BETHELL

First of all, we should break off this arms control nonsense, pandering to the delusion that the tension with the Soviets arises out of the quantity of our weapons rather than their gangster government.

The fruitless, indeed highly destructive search for "mutual" reductions is driven by our European allies who tell the State Department what to do, who in turn tell George Shultz, who tells President Reagan. Sometimes it seems that Denmark drives U.S. foreign policy. Among other things, this is a recipe for the destruction of NATO.

I trust that by the time this sees print, Reagan won't have extended the ABM treaty, thereby preventing his successor from deploying SDI. If he hasn't already fallen into this Summit Trap, then a high priority item is to renounce the ABM treaty completely. And all other arms control treaties.

For conservatives, the most important task ahead is to get control of the Republican party. In a Democratic administration, policy-making jobs go to Democrats with an agenda and an active interest in policy. In a Republican administration they as likely as not are handed out as "party favors" to cowardly businessmen types whose main policy goal is to placate liberals in Washington. This has got to stop.

On the whole Reagan has not resisted this timid Republican tendency. Among his appointments there are important exceptions (Meese, Casey, James Miller), but most of these exceptions are ex-Democrats (Kirkpatrick, Bennett, Perle, Abrams). Perhaps we can enlist Ralph Nader's help in running the businessmen office-seekers out of town once and for all. Does the phrase "Republican policymaker" have to remain an oxymoron indefinitely?

Domestically, I agree with Lew Lehrman that the most important battles ahead will be fought in the arena labeled "social issues": above all, abortion.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

ERIC BREINDEL

In a month in which the Reagan Administration has declared its intention to sell subsidized wheat to Moscow, and signaled its willingness to put SDI on the "arms-control" bargaining table, it might seem best for someone writing from a neoconservative vantage point simply to be suggesting things the Administration should *not* do during the remaining two years in the President's second term; or perhaps things that should be undone rather than new initiatives.

Nevertheless, here's a proposal: The White House should announce the creation of a presidential commission to study the question of "the homeless." Agreed that there are too many blue ribbon commissions already; and that commissions, generally, are a way to dodge problems rather than confront them. Still, this one—with a focused mandate, limited and specialized membership, and a precise time period in which to prepare its report—makes sense. Because the subject, as of now, lacks even an agreed-upon definition of terms. The commission's report, in other words, might begin by defining the meaning of "homelessness" in the context of contemporary American life.

Why does this issue even matter, or matter enough to require yet one more national panel and one more national study? For one thing, it seems a fairly minimal goal to say, simply, that in 1986 America there shouldn't be any genuinely homeless people—that is, sane people who don't want to be homeless.

But apart from the public policy concern, it's important to recognize that in the last few years, the "homeless" issue—the claim that in the richest country in the world, there are people compelled to live in the streets—has become a powerful weapon in the international anti-American propaganda arsenal. And to counter the argument that the existence of a "homeless" population in America is an inevitable consequence of advanced capitalism—and, more immediately, of Reaganomics in all its heartlessness—it is necessary, in fact, to know the actual scope of the problem, and to know what brought it about.

If the findings of this commission indicate—as seems likely—that the problem at hand is one of mental health policy, not housing, that realization will be a step forward. If these findings point to a need to re-evaluate the "deinstitutionalization" idea, championed by civil liberties activists over the last decade, also well and good. This is an issue America needs to come to terms with in order, here at home, to heal what should be healed. And in order to fight back on the public diplomacy front to demonstrate that, if anything, an "excess" of freedom is at the root of this phenomenon, not an uncaring society and policies lacking in compassion.

Eric Breindel is editorial page editor of the New York Post.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

A responsibly silly question. Responsible in that it accepts the vernacular question about the "Reagan agenda" as seriously as it is constantly being put to us. But, of course, put in that way, it is as though it dealt with the building of the Verrazano Bridge. One of these days (cheers!) it is standing, and we move on to another agenda. Silly in that any reforms effected by the Reagan Administration are obviously, and necessarily, asymptotic. One would hope that the Reagan "agenda," so-called, would anticipate the dissolution of the Soviet Empire. Shouldn't we dream the dreamable, that there will come a day when the rulers of that empire recognize that it all availeth not? Either that, or the alternative, that there should be a fresh revolution in Russia, call it a counterrevolution, if you will. And may we not suppose that such events might be expedited by our foreign policy? Were it to happen, would it be justified in calling it the consummation of the Reagan agenda in foreign policy? . . . And then, we would like to see the crystallization of a consensus against unnecessary state intervention. It would be fine if the day were to come when the opinion makers rise up against any expanded federal activity even as they now rise up against any threat to the free flow of pornography. But would that be the consummation of the Reagan agenda? Or the consummation of the agenda of the Founding Fathers? The presumption is in favor of social, as distinguished from state, activity. But presumptions are never set in concrete, so that the Reagan agenda can never be consummated, wherein the idle aspect of the question.

William F. Buckley, Jr. is the editor of National Review.

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ALLAN CARLSON

As the nation's latter-day Eisenhower, Reagan may find his last two years in office beset by economic troubles and policy stagnation. Earlier triumphs in the foreign, defense, and tax policy areas may be forgotten as the nation appears to drift, with an aging man at the helm. This could create an opening for a Democratic candidate of "vigor," "vision," and "a new spirit."

Such an end might be avoided, though, if the Reagan Administration taps into the populist sentiments that helped bring it into office, and turns its attention to the family issue. Fortunately, the ideological energy of the Reagan Revolution is now concentrated in the departments of Justice and Education. Attorney General Edwin Meese and Education Secretary William Bennett have built able staffs of true believers, young persons who have somehow avoided both the budget-cutting blues and the corruption of Washington's money culture.

The Administration's current investigation into the welfare problem, under the guidance of Meese as chairman of the Domestic Policy Council, provides openings for authentic pro-family initiatives. Past "welfare reforms" have served as policy black holes, swallowing up those who dared to venture in. This fate might be avoided if the investigators focus on long-term dependency rather than misleading trends in the "poverty rate," and show the former's clear linkage to deformed family structure.

The council's working group on the family, headed by education undersecretary Gary Bauer, has the opportunity to take a broader measure of the nation's family crisis, and to advance a realistic conservative response. Policy options could include: creation of a child-care policy which no longer discriminates against parents caring for their own children; tax relief keyed to family size; and serious consideration of a family allowance system, *à la* George Gilder, or a "supply-side" alternative, using credits drawn against payroll taxes to achieve the same end.

A debate on the family has been simmering under the surface of American political life for two decades. President Reagan's final years could find no better focus than to bring that debate to full boil and guide it toward a nonstatist, family-affirming resolution.

Allan Carlson is president of the Rockford Institute.

EDWIN J. FEULNER, JR.

It might be tempting for the Reagan Administration to wind up its policy agenda with a rousing success on tax reform later this year, but conservatives cannot afford to declare victory and retreat from the public policy debate. We have worked too long to be in the position of leadership to back away now. And the issues at stake are too important to let the 1988 presidential race shape the debate.

Conservatives in the public policy community will continue to work for the same principles we have always championed: free enterprise, strong defense, individual freedom, and a limited government. And we will continue to look for new ways to advance these conservative goals.

In the next two years we should take steps to deal with Social Security and the foreign debt held by the lesser developed nations on a more permanent basis. By establishing health-care IRA's we can move toward privatization of Social Security. And by requiring the lesser developed countries to cut taxes and "privatize" government-held industries we can promote economic growth.

We must also continue to shape a "Reagan Doctrine" of foreign policy—one which preserves our own security interests and helps to consolidate democratic values. Over the next several years, politicians will be forced to review our policy toward several friendly nations. We should help them to see that by promoting peaceful transitions to democracy we can improve human rights and strengthen our own security interests. And, most importantly, we must continue to broaden our support to anti-Communist/pro-Western freedom fighters in the Soviet Empire.

Of course, there will continue to be issues for which we must wage a defensive campaign. Disinvestment in South Africa, protectionism, and increasing budget expenditures are examples. Conservatives should argue for the expansion of economic ties to South Africa as a means to improve human rights; the promotion of options like privatization—contracting out government services and the sale of government assets—which allow for the continuation of services *and* the reduction of the budget; and the establishment of Free Trade Areas which allow for the expansion of true "fair trade" through agreements which reduce trade barriers *and* expand free trade.

The Reagan Administration may indeed wish to step away from the public policy debate at the end of this year, but pressure being brought to bear on the public policy agenda by the media, the business and labor communities, and the political opposition may *force* Congress and the Administration to take action. It is up to the conservatives who work in the public policy arena on a day-to-day basis to continue to focus the debate on free enterprise, strong defense, individual freedom, and a limited government—the ideas that helped to elect Ronald Reagan in 1980.

Edwin J. Feulner, Jr. is president of the Heritage Foundation.

VIC GOLD

Re what Ronald Reagan ought to do in the last two years of his Administration: It's what he *shouldn't* do, but might be persuaded to do, that concerns me. Small things, some might say, matters of style rather than substance. Things like indulging in Carteresque banalities, either for the purpose of short-range publicity or out of some misguided notion that he must "secure his place in history."

What, for example, was the President of the United States doing this past spring, taking part in the trendily banal "Hands Across America" exercise? I wonder at the people around Ronald Reagan who persuade him to do such things against, I believe, his own better instincts. Again, critical as the problem is, what and who could possibly have talked the President of the United States into the idea that an Oval Office urine test was a fitting salvo in his "war against drugs"? The presidency is a bully pulpit, yes; but a bully *pissoir*?

Ronald Reagan's greatest contribution as President—the contribution that made all others possible—was restoring the American people's respect for the institution of the presidency itself. I have no doubt that, given the record of the past six years, Ronald Reagan will come down on the right side of the substantive issues that face the country in the next two years. But if in the process he falls into the stylistic void of neo-Carterism and populist vaudeville, he will, in my opinion, subvert the most important legacy of his presidency.

Vic Gold is national correspondent of Washingtonian *magazine.*

JEFFREY HART

What do we do now? The hell of it is that we do not seem to have a candidate for 1988. George Bush is Walter Mondale in Republican drag, a walking résumé who has never been associated with an important idea or a significant cause. For reasons mysterious to me, Jack Kemp has not risen in the polls to even the low two digits. The nation's best governor can't run: New Hampshire's John Sununu is not native born. Our most impressive political intellectual since Theodore Roosevelt, namely Education Secretary William Bennett, can't get from here to there during the next two years. Robert Dole is actually taken seriously inside the Beltway, but beyond it no one gives a damn about him except in Kansas, which has one-and-a-half electoral votes.

Maybe, for the first time in history, the presidency will remain vacant for the years 1988-92. Mario Cuomo would be a potent candidate in the year 1936. He would certainly carry the Dust Bowl. In 1988, he would carry the poor people of the District of Columbia, period. Senator Gary Hart is a nice fellow, but he has a problem. He seems to be a Sandinista. He has a 100 percent ADA rating and is against the contras and against SDI. Forget it.

The conservative movement has its problems too. Some conservatives want

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to curb abortion, pornography, drugs, and softball, and, out at the feverish fringes, even birth control. At the same time, among Reaganites born after 1960, there is a different agenda. They want lower taxes, national defense, and SDI. They do not want to pour their own income down the welfare rat-hole. They have absorbed the analyses of George Gilder, Michael Novak, and Charles Murray. They have even heard of Irving Kristol. They are not about to have their lives shaped by any fundamentalist preacher.

Ronald Reagan has held the disparate coalition together. He has given the fundamentalists some speeches and he has given the other right SDI, tax cuts, and a lot more.

Reagan crushed the illegal air controllers' strike and blew away the Communist thugs who were terrorizing Grenada. He persevered in supporting Duarte and a democratic possibility in El Salvador, against the objections of Tip O'Neill and the rest of the Democratic party, who favored a quick surrender to the local Communists. Reagan put in the Pershing missiles and saved NATO. He blew away inflation and rescued the economy. He is renovating the Supreme Court, and as soon as anyone notices that Brennan and Marshall in fact are dead he will be able to go further. Reagan is resisting an insane movement to declare war against Chile and South Africa. His bombers over Tripoli passed the word to terrorists that they, too, can be killed. Muammar Qaddafi is reported to be in a state of mental disintegration, and Syria's Assad is trying to be a good boy. There are even rumors that Reagan will replace Dan Rather as anchorman at CBS News.

It seems possible that the idea of limited government is coming back for the first time in fifty years. The people who can't even deliver the mail obviously are not competent to decide what you can and can't read. When was the last time you heard about a new massive program to do whatever? Socialized medicine, anyone? Even Senator Fatass from Massachusetts, the Chappaquiddick Plunger, isn't pushing socialized medicine anymore.

In any infrequent moment of discouragement, try repeating the mantra, "Rehnquist court, Rehnquist court, Rehnquist court . . ."

We have, actually and in fact, won. Daniel Ortega will certainly be dead by January 1, 1988. Gorbo and Deng want to see Disney World. This is going to be a hard act to follow.

Jeffrey Hart is professor of English at Dartmouth College, a senior editor of National Review, *and a nationally syndicated columnist.*

IRVING KRISTOL

One can think of all sorts of things one wished the Reagan Administration had done or might still do, but let's face it: In the remaining two years, there are only a few things one can reasonably focus on, in the hope that this Administration could still accomplish them. For this is an Administration that has lost its ideological momentum. The White House today is far more interested in polishing the President's historical image than in *any* controversial issues of public policy. Witness the current hoopla over drugs, a problem that the federal government can in fact do very little about, or the steady pursuit of a "summit" meeting with Gorbachev, which no one seriously expects to have a reshaping influence on our foreign policy or theirs. The purpose, obviously, is to leave behind an image of Ronald Reagan as a man of compassion, a man of peaceable instincts.

Perhaps all this was inevitable. Administrations, like people, get worn-out, tired, lose their verve (and sometimes their nerve). So there is no point in lamenting this situation, or in insisting that this Administration press on to this or that item of its unfinished conservative agenda, when it clearly lacks the energy to do so.

But there are a few things that still look do-able. I pick one each from the areas of social policy, economic policy, and foreign policy.

1. The Administration's social policy has narrowed to a point where it involves little more than the appointment of capable, conservative judges to the federal courts. This is less narrow than it seems, however, since the courts have, in effect, been in charge of our social policy for the past twenty-five years. It is vital, therefore, that the Administration continue to make those appointments as quickly as possible, and to use all of its political influence to secure their confirmation by the Senate. Fortunately, on this issue both Ronald Reagan and Ed Meese seem determined to move ahead.

2. On economic policy, and assuming the tax reform bill is enacted, it is important that Secretary Baker continue to pressure our major trading partners to move toward international monetary stability—i.e., fixed (or at least non-free-floating) exchange rates. This is a precondition for a renewed expansion of world trade, on which American prosperity is dependent. If this goal is not achieved, the Democrats—already on their way to becoming the protectionist party—will be in a position to (and will be inclined to) wreak havoc on the world economy.

3. The only foreign policy initiative that the Administration can still claim as its own is the Strategic Defense Initiative. But it is not going to preserve this initiative unless and until it decides to renounce the ABM (Anti-Ballistic Missile) Treaty and start putting some ground-based (or air-based) non-nuclear missiles in place (presumably around our most vital military installations). This Congress—and, one assumes, the next as well—simply will not spend billions of dollars on a "speculative" research and development program. It will prefer to pursue the will o' the wisp of "arms control." So a commitment to this initiative must be "locked in" now. Surely it ought not to be hard for this President to persuade the American people that it is better for the United States and the Soviet Union to compete in the construction of a *defense* against nuclear weapons, as against a competition in *offensive* missiles. But, since his Secretary of State seems unwilling to make the case and his Secretary of Defense seems unable to, Mr. Reagan will have to take personal, vigorous command of this issue.

Irving Kristol is Olin Professor of Social Thought at the New York University Graduate School of Business.

MICHAEL LEDEEN

The Administration is still ambivalent about foreign policy, wanting both to challenge the Soviets in places like Angola and Afghanistan, and to talk sweetly to them about SDI and arms control. If I thought this was being done with a fine Machiavellian hand, I'd be overjoyed, but unfortunately it reflects the unhappy reality that every specific foreign policy issue is fought out—on its own "merits"—case by case. There is still no overall, coherent view of the world. The most crucial actions for this Administration in the next two years, in order of importance, seem to me to be:

•Go all out for victory in Central America. This means the replacement of the Sandinista regime with a more democratic government. If Reagan loses the fight with the Sandinistas, the consequences—on the ground in this hemisphere, and in the political arena in this country—could be frightful.

•Maintain the SDI program, expanding it if possible; the Soviet reaction alone shows the inestimable value of this program.

•Put an end to the talk within the Administration of offering something like "most-favored nation" status to the Soviet Union. In other words, keep the trade restrictions firmly in place, and work to increase the efficiency of our technology control program, which is one of the major achievements of Reagan's presidency (and is roundly hated by Baker, Regan, Baldridge, and, at least half the time, by Shultz. It is the work of the Pentagon, a few good folks at CIA—above all, Casey himself—and a few good folks at the NSC).

•Deal a decisive blow to at least one of the countries supporting terrorism (Libya is the easiest, Syria would carry a far stronger message to a greater number of people around the world, Cuba would be a real turning-point in international affairs).

•Begin to deal seriously with the drug crisis.

Take any two from the above list, and you'll have a record that any Administration would be proud of.

Unfortunately, the politicos who strain for the President's good ear are now whispering nonsense. They say that the President's program should be tailored to suit the needs of Republicans running for Congress. This means moderate the stridency, reassure public opinion, make token gestures to Moscow, and so forth. This is bad advice, reminiscent of those persons who told the President not to make a big election issue out of Central America in 1984. Had he done so, he would have undoubtedly obtained aid for the contras two years earlier, and helped the election of senators and representatives more sympathetic to his position. He should remember that the American people are smarter than the politicos: they know when Reagan is acting the peacenik. But they vote for him anyway, because on balance they prefer his position to that of his opponents. So let him run on his own principles, and leave the expediency to the others.

Michael Ledeen, a senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, is TAS*'s regular Presswatch columnist.*

CARNES LORD

The political strategy of the final years of the Reagan presidency should be built around institutional and structural reform of the federal government. A renewed offensive against bureaucracy and regulation is a natural follow-on to successful tax reform, and should have continuing political appeal. Thought should be given to attempting implementation of some of the more radical of the Grace Commission reforms in the interests of budget balancing and rationalization of governmental management. At the same time, the Administration should embrace more enthusiastically or visibly than it has done so far the pending legislation revamping the organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff as well as the recommendations of the Packard Commission on defense management. Apart from the prudential consideration that it is essential to keep the defense reform issue from being captured by the Democrats, reform of the defense decision-making structure could

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prove to be the second most important achievement (after the Strategic Defense Initiative) of the Reagan era in the national security field.

The President could also usefully address himself to a range of issues affecting the institutional position of the presidency and its relation to Congress. Repeal of the two-term limit is not worth expending presidential effort on by itself, but it would make sense as part of a package of reforms designed to re-establish a proper balance between the branches. The President might lay down clearer markers than he has thus far on the subject of the War Powers Act. Perhaps most important, the President should exert heavy pressure on the Congress to streamline and strengthen its own operations, reverse the trend toward micromanagement of executive branch programs, and rationalize the budget process; and he should campaign again for the line-item veto. As the President approaches elder-statesman status, his effectiveness in such efforts should increase rather than decline.

Carnes Lord is director of international studies at the National Institute for Public Policy in Fairfax, Virginia.

ADAM MEYERSON

I don't share the doom and gloom so many of my conservative brethren seem to feel about the Reagan Administration. President Reagan has had more influence on public policy in 1986 than in any year except 1981. It looks as if an initially recalcitrant Congress is about to endorse both the President's top domestic priority this year—lower marginal tax rates on personal and business income—and his top foreign policy priority, funding for the contras. The Supreme Court nominations of William Rehnquist and Antonin Scalia, together with the most distinguished record of judicial appointments at the appellate level in modern history, will bring intellectual rigor back to constitutional interpretation—a legacy that will endure long after Reagan leaves office.

The free world is probably in a stronger position than at any time in the past twenty years. The President's commitment to strategic defense and "smart" technologies is already beginning to change the correlation of forces and within a few years will dramatically limit the ability of the Soviets to intimidate the United States and our allies. The President's brilliantly timed attack on Libya has sharply reduced not only Libyan but also Syrian and Iranian terrorism. And thanks in part to President Reagan's restoration of American military strength, democracy and liberty are on the rise throughout most of Latin America and East Asia, even (to a limited extent) in Communist China. A tragic exception to the growth of freedom is in South Africa, where the United States has little leverage and where both the ANC and the Afrikaner ruling party seem determined to destroy opportunities for transition to a freer and more broadly democratic society.

What should be the Administration's agenda for the next two-and-a-half years? Obviously, reviving the sluggish economy must be the top priority. This will require, in addition to continuing reduction and simplification of tax rates, more attention to the three other economic goals enunciated by President Reagan when he took office:

Budget restraint, which must include compassionate reductions in spending on Social Security and farm subsidies, as well as much more effective use of our defense dollars.

Stable monetary policy, in particular an end to the erratic lurches in the growth of the money supply and the value of the dollar.

And *regulatory reform*, especially in tort law, where an epidemic of litigation has a chilling effect on manufacturing and on medical services, and in environmental law, where needless regulations could be eliminated without hurting environmental values.

To which could be added two "supply-side" policies that would dramatically increase the contribution millions of Americans could make to the economy. The total elimination of crime from the United States would remove the fear that paralyzes so many poor neighborhoods. The total elimination of illiteracy would open opportunities currently closed to millions: if you can't read or write, you can't find a job in a twenty-first century economy.

Now that it looks as if the contras are going to be funded, the important thing is to make sure they win—and in a way that will be an attractive model for future rollback of the Soviet Empire. The victory should be as bloodless as possible, and the future Nicaragua must be clearly an improvement over the Sandinista dungeon, with demonstrable support from the majority of Nicaraguans, just as the U.S. invasion of Grenada was overwhelmingly supported by the people who live there. Otherwise, neither Americans nor our allies will support similar ventures again.

The Reagan Administration also has an opportunity to forge a national consensus on the most important and perhaps most divisive moral controversy of our time: abortion. Under this consensus, abortion would remain legally available, at least in certain circumstances, but it would be considered wrong and would be strongly discouraged by public policy, and neither abortion nor the advocacy of abortion could receive any public funding.

Adam Meyerson is editor of Policy Review, *the quarterly magazine of the Heritage Foundation.*

ROBERT D. NOVAK

This precarious period for the conservative movement is easier to diagnose than cure. Customary fatigue of an eight-year Administration in its last two years is aggravated when the most ideological Administration in American history seems to have run out of ideas.

But the next presidential election holds out hope that the Reagan gains will not be lost. The constituency to which Republican presidential hopefuls must appeal stands to the right of the nation and indeed the party at large. If the conservative movement can set minimum standards for the would-be nominees, the Reagan Administration's last two years as well as the next Republican nominee's policy can be shaped.

That means laying down some clear taboos: no fulfillment of Walter Mondale's tax increase forecast, which would open the way for renewed expansion of the welfare state; no sacrifice of strategic defensive plans for yet another flawed arms control treaty.

But what about new initiatives, now that tax reform has run full course with maximum damage, for now, inflicted on the graduated income tax?

Two areas on which the Reagan Administration and presidential candidates must be pressed for the next two years are the Reagan Doctrine and money reform. Neither is easy.

The greatest failing of Ronald Reagan's exemplary presidency is lack of sustained effort to sell the Reagan Doctrine. By persisting in the support of Nicaragua's democratic resistance in his last two years, Reagan can leave a starting point for placing this nation at the side of freedom fighters worldwide.

Although the money issue is an even tougher sell than the Reagan Doctrine, the current economy shows stabilizing exchange rates is no less essential in a deflationary economy as when inflation roared. But who will have the courage to appeal for the gold-convertible dollar? President Reagan has been discouraged by his advisers, and pollsters advise candidates to keep away. Nevertheless, it is the essential economic centerpiece of an extended Reagan Revolution.

Robert D. Novak is a nationally syndicated columnist and publisher of the Evans-Novak Political Report.

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Like most conservatives, I get impatient with Ronald Reagan. He's spoiled us. The political landscape has been changed beyond recognition since he took office, and we may be in the midst of a revolution of rising expectations.

In retrospect, Dwight Eisenhower looks like a good President. That may be partly a trick of perspective. His Administration allowed the New Deal and the Soviet Union to consolidate their gains. Most of his successors look worse than he does, but we've been taking for granted states of affairs that represent his critical failures at a moment when things were still fluid. We forget that he had a certain freedom to reverse the recent past.

With Reagan it may be the other way around. We forget how badly things were going when he stepped in. He might have done somewhat more than he has, but the key fact is that he has completely altered the terms of what George Will has called "the contemporary political conversation"—altered them, in fact, in ways George Will didn't think possible.

Liberalism's legacy still predominates, but Reagan has done something to political dynamics. Like Franklin Roosevelt, he has established a momentum that will probably survive his tenure in office. This is not entirely due to him personally, because like Roosevelt he is most important as a symbolic presence around which other forces, of which he knows little, can operate. Conservative activists and policy analysts are achieving countless little victories in Washington because Reagan is there.

It isn't critically important that Reagan do anything in particular in his remaining years as President. The main thing is that there are no new liberal programs, and the existing ones are under attack. Let Reagan be Reagan—that powerfully passive figurehead of conservatism—and others will do the work of executing the conservative agenda.

What Reagan's presence means, as both cause and effect, is that Americans have different expectations of politics from those they had over two decades. After eight years of him, liberalism will be sunk—unless he suffers some major setback in the next two years.

That is why Reagan's agenda should be *not to attempt too much.* Just by remaining, he allows conservatism to gather up a force independent of him in the long run. If he attempts a major policy initiative and is frustrated, he will look mortal. He has done enough already. He has made conservatism seem inevitable.

Joseph Sobran is a senior editor of National Review *and a nationally syndicated columnist.*

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ROGER STARR

Democratic life is complicated because the conflict between its two basic promises, liberty and equality, remains unacknowledged by most of those who live under it. President Reagan is one of them, which helps to explain his political success and his governmental difficulty.

Mr. Reagan came to office with the promise to restore the liberties that had been diminished by governmental assumption of a steadily increasing list of responsibilities. Naturally, those who had been pushing federal assumption of these responsibilities had not advocated them to deprive the people generally of their liberties. They believed federal intervention would achieve greater equality—between states whose resources varied, between persons with differing levels of skills, between the fortunate and the unlucky, the smart and the slow, the strong and the weak, male and female, heterosexual and homosexual.

In announcing his intention to support a return to liberty, Mr. Reagan did not announce that his program would include a diminution of the drive for equality. He would probably not have been elected if he had, and, in any case, he did not see it that way, just as the partisans of egalitarianism did not see that they were diminishing liberty when it got in their way. The egalitarians actually think of themselves as increasing, not diminishing, liberty and point to judicial decisions on obscenity and abortion as demonstrations of the indirect fallout of their attachment to freedom.

The President insisted on such egalitarian measures as higher Social Security benefits for the aged, and continued to fund social programs on a scale no one expected. He expected that allowing greater transactional liberty (or less restrictive government regulation and lower taxes—the traditional enemies of liberty) would increase economic activity at the end of the twentieth century in the same fashion that it had in earlier periods.

The initial stimulus of lower taxes is wearing off and the full benefits of deregulation of transportation will be evident only when dislocations end and readjustments are completed. The greatest disappointment has been the failure of the changes in government regulation and taxation to encourage the emergence of a new class of industrial and political leaders who will make the national product competitive in world markets, achieve a new standard of living, and resurrect the decayed parts of an old and neglected substructure. Why have these benefits not yet appeared? Because the Administration has not moved strongly enough to overcome the egalitarianism that decries achievement and derides performance as a measure of merit.

While a new class of elites struggles to emerge from the new urban population, public schools that seek to cater to the needs of the energetic leaders of the future are denounced as discriminatory, not on the grounds of race, because they do not discriminate on that ground, but on the grounds of talent and determination. The most serious governmental failing of the Reagan Administration has been its inability to overcome the egalitarian decadence of the educational system despite the courage of the President's Secretary of Education in demanding new standards.

Roger Starr is a member of the editorial board of the New York Times *and the author of* The Rise and Fall of New York City *(Basic Books).*

RICHARD A. VIGUERIE

The third and most important stage of the conservative movement begins on November 5.

In the first stage, conservatives were thinkers and debaters who perceived their role as standing in front of the liberal locomotive and yelling "Stop!" In the second stage, we figured out how to use direct mail to bypass the liberal media and how to use core issues like busing, high taxes, and military weakness to beat the Washington establishment at the polls.

In the third stage, conservatives must learn not just how to win arguments . . . not just how to win elections . . . but how to govern effectively and thereby make the conservative movement the dominant force in American politics. The third stage starts now, as we prepare for the 1988 election.

To put it simply, our challenge over the next two years is to stick together. As we work for the candidate of our choice, we must work toward the same goal: a permanent governing majority rooted in the conservative movement. It's going to be difficult, especially as our candidates take divergent positions on the issues. We have already seen, in the reaction to Pat Robertson's candidacy, the potential for conservatives to train their fire on each other. But a civil war among conservatives cannot be won and must never be fought.

As one conservative leader put it, "The enemy *isn't* that fellow you sat next to at strategy meetings for ten years." Whether we work for Kemp, Robertson, Laxalt, du Pont, Dole, or somebody else, we must be prepared to unite behind the conservative choice. We must keep the lines of communication open between the various camps, and not allow grudges to accumulate and cripple us.

Most important, we must start now putting together the network of individuals and organizations that will put him or her in the White House and elect another wave of conservative activists to other offices. Remember how, during the mid-to-late 1970s, there was a proliferation of conservative groups dealing with everything from taxes to right-to-life to strategic defense? Those groups provided the foundation for conservative victories in the 1980s. But in the last six years we grew soft. Fewer and fewer conservative groups were created. Confident that the cavalry (Reagan, Buchanan & Co.) had arrived and that America was saved, we quit contributing so much, we stopped working so hard (and so smart), and we took it easy.

It's time to get back in training.

Thomas Jefferson said that without the "Revolution of 1800"—the election in which the Republicans triumphed at last—the Revolution of 1776 would have been for naught. Likewise, 1988 will be the year the Reagan Revolution dies . . . or is reborn.

Richard A. Viguerie is president of the Viguerie Company.

JUDE WANNISKI

Having completed a historic tax reform in 1986, President Reagan can complete the economic dimension of the Reagan Revolution in his two remaining years—with a historic monetary reform. The President, in fact, has said he would like to leave as part of his legacy an enduring stability to the value of our money—with no inflations or deflations in the decades ahead.

This can only be achieved with monetary reform, a process begun on the initiative of Treasury Secretary Baker on September 22, 1985 at the Plaza Hotel meeting of leading finance ministers and central bankers in New York.

The object of this reform will be to end the fifteen-year "floating" of the dollar on the foreign exchange markets which permitted the financial turbulence of this era. In the process, we could attain the President's long-expressed desire to re-establish the dollar's link to gold—to make the dollar "as good as gold." His Treasury advisers understand the utility of anchoring a monetary system by pegging the value of international gold reserves.

Such reform would not be as difficult or contentious as the tax reform. Because it would not engage the partisan impulses of the Congress, it would not consume the energies of the Administration. Thus agricultural, welfare, and budget initiatives could be pursued in parallel.

Monetary reform would necessarily involve negotiations with our major trading partners, most of whom agree that the uncertainty of a floating-currency world should be ended. Work on monetary reform could even extend into 1988, during the political season, just as the last great monetary reform—Bretton Woods—was completed a few months before the presidential elections of 1944.

Bretton Woods became a Roosevelt monument to postwar prosperity. A global monetary reform would be a fitting capstone to the golden era of worldwide prosperity that the Reagan Revolution has invited.

Jude Wanniski is president of Polyconomics Inc. in Morristown, New Jersey.

PAUL M. WEYRICH

One of the first pieces of legislation that I would like to see advocated is the death penalty for terrorists. Similarly, an amendment should be added to the War Powers Act allowing the President to send troops into another country in the event of terrorist activities upon U.S. citizens. It is also important to deny foreign tax credits and foreign income deferral benefits to American businesses operating in terrorist countries, including Angola and Nicaragua.

The United Nations has been under considerable attack during the Reagan Administration for having strayed from its founding purposes. An essential part of the Reagan agenda should be the creation of a new international organization, one for democracies only. In the meantime, legislation should be passed stopping U.S. funds to the U.N.

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unless the following take place: an end to anti-Semitism in the U.N. (repealing the resolution equating Zionism with racism), expelling Libya from the U.N., a cut in assistance to the PLO, and removal of SWAPO, the PLO, the ANC, and the Pan-African Congress from "permanent observer status" in the U.N.

Other important foreign policy issues are getting SDI quickly deployed and aid to freedom fighters around the world.

Domestic crime remains an important issue, and conservatives are proposing two pieces of legislation aimed at cracking down on crime. The first is amending the exclusionary rule to include good faith exceptions for police officers. The second is habeas corpus reform which would limit the current proliferation of habeas corpus petitions being filed.

Important legislation for the pro-life community is a bill denying personal tax exemption on behalf of a baby who is accidentally born alive following a botched abortion. An infanticide amendment is also critical insofar as it would make it a federal crime to starve a baby to death on the basis of the infant's handicap, and grant the Secretary of Health and Human Services broad powers to promulgate regulations to enforce it.

With the release of the Attorney General's report on pornography comes the impending need for the passage of two amendments: a rape prevention amendment and an anti-child molestation act. A rape prevention amendment would prohibit dial-a-porn operations, while an anti-child molestation act would crack down on computer bulletin boards which trade information on sexual liaisons with children. But this should not discount the enforcement of existing statutes on the question of pornography. A Department of Justice strike force is essential for the fight against pornography to continue.

Another important issue that needs to be addressed is drugs. I favor the death penalty for any accessory to a drug-related death, such as a "pusher." But the issue of drugs goes beyond legislation; children need to be educated on the dangers of drugs. For this reason I see the need for what Secretary Bennett calls "character education." This means the teaching of traditional values in the classroom. (Teaching values, contrary to what liberals have been saying, is not teaching religion.)

Since his election, President Reagan has been promising a balanced budget amendment, but has yet to persuade Congress and the states to make this item part of the Constitution. Moreover, with a balanced budget amendment we would see a renewed effort in privatization.

Finally, the Reagan agenda must include Pentagon reform, for it is critical for the welfare and safety of this country that we get the best possible defense for our money. Without a proper defense, all our other rights may soon end.

Paul M. Weyrich is president of Coalitions for America.

Jeremy Rabkin

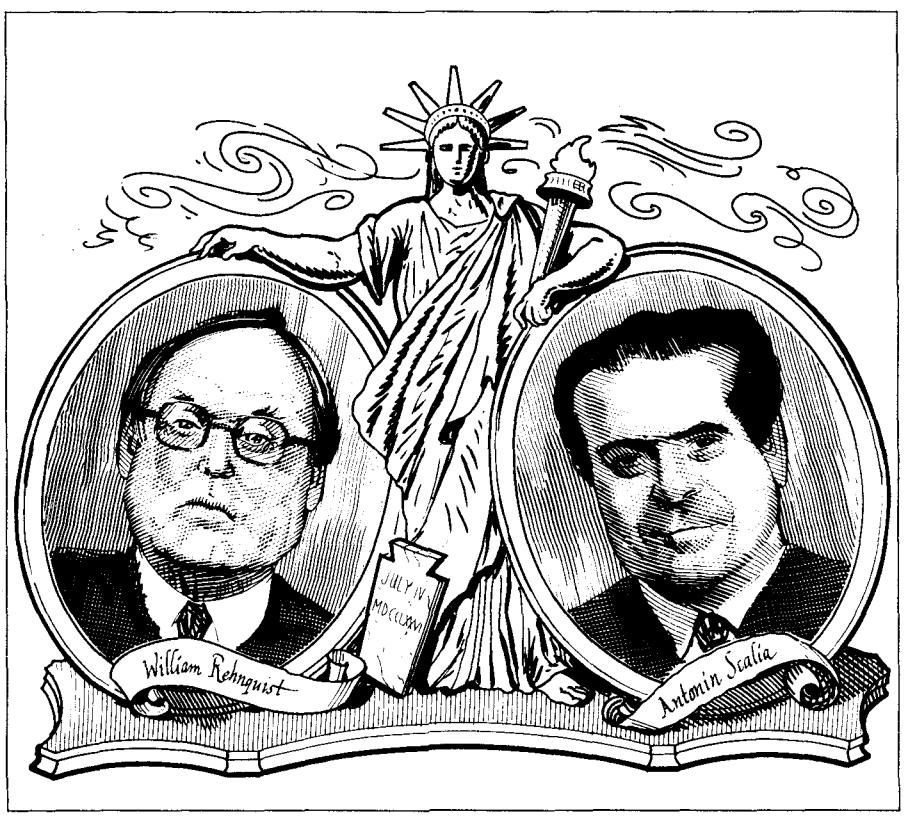
THE NEW CHIEF, THE NEW JUSTICE, AND THE NEW COURT

Liberals are right to worry.

Say this, at least, for Chief Justice Burger: Nothing so became his office as the leaving of it. By resigning when he did and allowing President Reagan to appoint the successors that he did, Burger has already done more to revive the reputation of the Supreme Court and more to restore the health of the Constitution than anything he can do hereafter as chief cheerleader for the Constitution's Bicentennial.

The Court over which Chief Justice Burger presided these past seventeen years became far and away the most divided Supreme Court in American history, if one judges by the number of 5-4 or 6-3 decisions, the number of distrustful concurring opinions, or by the number of shrill and indignant dissents each year. The Burger Court also leaves behind more muddled constitutional doctrine than any Supreme Court in our history. The new appointments are not going to cure the Court's divisions—not at least while the Court's irascible octogenarians cling to their posts. But the new appointments should have an immediate and highly salutary effect on the muddle.

Senator Edward Kennedy, one of William Rehnquist's severest critics, was animated by an essentially correct perception—even if drawn to a wrong-headed conclusion—when he denounced Rehnquist as "too extreme" to be Chief Justice. Rehnquist is not just a little more sympathetic to conservative public policy views; he really is different from most of his colleagues in his outlook and assumptions as a judge. He is far more of a threat to the political vision cherished by congressional liberals than Chief Justice Burger ever was or than President Reagan's first nominee, Sandra Day O'Connor, has turned out to be.



Rehnquist has firmly and persistently resisted the notion that the Supreme Court has a residual authority to redress all the unfairness in American public life. This notion, first popularized by the Warren Court, has beguiled virtually all of Rehnquist's colleagues to a greater or lesser degree. And it *is* a beguiling notion, because fairness seems such an indisputably worthy goal. The problem with "fairness" as an overriding goal is well illustrated by the current political plight of the Democratic party: people too preoccupied with fairness have a hard time saying no and they often end up, pushed and pulled by conflicting entreaties, as the active instruments of new kinds of unfairness. Worse, they often become so taken with their own good intentions that they fail even to notice the new harms they are inflict-

Jeremy Rabkin, a frequent contributor, is assistant professor of government at Cornell University.

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ing. For courts, the preoccupation with fairness involves a more immediate problem: It undermines the judge's obligation to established law and leaves everyone else in confusion about what the law is supposed to be.

This problem has not, of course, prevented the Supreme Court from serving as a very convenient partner for liberal politicians. In recent decades, the Court has acted as the bold pointman for liberal policies—like busing for integration or abortion on demand—which liberals were afraid to advocate directly on the merits (but could afterwards support as "the law of the land"). And the Court has served as a compliant cleanup squad, compensating for liberal legislative weakness or oversight by reinterpreting statutes to meet the needs of changing fashion (as in Justice Brennan's convenient finding that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 does not prohibit racial favoritism toward minorities because a law "triggered by a Nation's concern over centuries of racial injustice" could not possibly have meant what it said).

But in the end, it is true, the Burger Court was not determinedly liberal in its policies. It was not really determinedly anything. The Burger Court endorsed busing for school integration but then stymied the integration advocates by refusing to pursue busing into the suburbs, where it might have made more sense. The Court struck down a whole series of state residency requirements for "burdening" the right to travel but drew the line at requiring government funding of the new right to abortion. The Court demanded that laws provide equal treatment for citizens and noncitizens, except when this didn't seem proper to the Court—or when it didn't seem proper to Congress. Quick to launch new doctrinal programs, the Court was then often reluctant to pay the bills. Its zigzagging course often provoked stinging dissents from the more liberal justices, but the dissenters frequently derided the Court's baroque doctrinal camouflage only to urge even more evasive alternatives—as when Justice Marshall, in several passionate dissents, insisted that the Court was wrong to adopt a "two-and-a-half tier" system of scrutiny for "equal protection" claims under the Fourteenth Amendment and should instead embrace a "sliding scale" incorporating a "spectrum of standards."

What has distinguished Justice Rehnquist above all has been his willingness to draw clear lines and stick with them. Or to put it more directly, his willingness to say no. And it is this temper, more than his stand on any particular issue, that most outrages Rehnquist's liberal critics. The particular constitutional interpretations he advocates would rarely raise insuperable barriers to particular liberal policy measures. But they undermine the moralism on which successive extensions of federal power have thrived.

Despite what some of his critics charge, Rehnquist's aversion to exotic constitutional claims does not make him a doctrinaire "majoritarian." Rehnquist has been perfectly willing to overturn legislative judgments when they violate some clear constitutional prohibition: he has voted (over the screaming dissents of Justices Marshall and Brennan), for example, to overturn several state laws violating the constitutional prohibition against "impairing the obligation of contracts." But the larger point is that, as Rehnquist's critics emphasize, the Constitution indeed is not a majoritarian document. It is just because the Constitution does not allow the majority to get its way very directly that appeals to the Court to save "minorities" from the oppressions of the majority usually have a rather hollow ring. Where laws must get through two legislative chambers and survive an executive veto power, there is bound to be an ongoing scramble for political allies and legislative coalition partners, and "discrete and insular minorities"—ostensibly in need of special judicial solicitude—often have the most political leverage because they have the most political cohesion.

More than any of his colleagues, Rehnquist is comfortable with the notion that the Constitution cannot offer solutions to every conflict and satisfaction to every claim, and this makes it easier for him to formulate and to stick with general rules. Where every one of his colleagues has by now expressed concern about the dangers of benign quota schemes and struggled to articulate some limitations on affirmative action, Rehnquist has been the most consistent champion of the simplest solution—a blanket prohibition on racial favoritism of any kind. Rather than a moral majoritarian, he might be described as the judicial equivalent of a fiscal conservative, anxious to avoid overdrawing on the Constitution and vigilant against exaggerated expectations for the Court. In this sense, Rehnquist might indeed be described as "insensitive to minorities." He has resisted the sort of special claims on the Constitution that drag the law—and the Court—into endless refined wrangling to accommodate this or that new claim and then to make adjustments for the inevitable counterclaims.

Rehnquist's well-argued dissents from the Court's most controversial activist ventures are well known. But he has often been equally pungent and clear-headed in knocking down less notorious judicial ventures (and has often carried the Court along with him in these assaults). In the mid-1970s, for example, the Court toyed with the doctrine that restrictions embodying "irrebuttable presumptions" should not be imposed without "individualized hearings." Thus it held in one case that a school district could not require pregnant teachers to withdraw after the fifth month of pregnancy without allowing individual teachers an opportunity to show why the rationale for the law would not hold in their own particular cases. Rehnquist's dissent was devastating:

> Hundreds of years ago . . . controversies were determined on an individualized basis without benefit of any general law. Most students of government consider the shift . . . to a relatively uniform body of rules . . . to have been a significant step forward in the achievement of a civilized political society. It seems to me a little late in the day for this court to weigh in against this consensus.

In the next case on the subject, Justice Rehnquist wrote for a new majority now prepared to wash its hands of "irrebuttable presumption" pleas.

If this outlook has often made Rehnquist a vigorous dissenter, it has in fact made him in other ways a more accommodating colleague. Of all the justices, Rehnquist least often resorts to separate concurring opinions—those weasel statements allowing justices to endorse a decision while distancing themselves from its logic and preserving their future options. Rehnquist's view of law does not leave much concern for fastidious distinctions or for preserving future options.

As Chief Justice, it is true, Rehnquist will not be able to compel any other justice to change his vote. Still, a forceful Chief Justice can be a moral influence and an institutional conscience for the Court, whether or not he gets his way on every particular issue. And there are some signs that many members of the current Court are growing tired of petty squabbles over doctrinal adjustments and may be increasingly receptive to the kind of intellectual and moral discipline Rehnquist has offered in his own opinions. If so, the Georgia sodomy case decided this past spring may be a herald of things to come. The Court did not take the easy step of announcing a constitutional right to engage in homosexual acts in the privacy of the home, while reserving its options on the degree of constitutional protection available for homosexual bathhouses or gay bars. It refused to make even a down payment on this venture but rather affirmed, in an uncompromising and unapologetic way, that the Constitution had nothing to say about the matter.

In the end, the Burger Court was not determinedly liberal in its policies. It was not really determinedly anything.

It is possible that Judge Antonin Scalia was given an easier time in his confirmation proceedings because Senate liberals did not have the nerve to mount another ad hominem assault on a Reagan appointee so soon after the attacks on Justice Rehnquist. Or it is possible that the relatively brief service of Judge Scalia on the D.C. Court of Appeals did not provide enough opinions on agitated constitutional topics for his critics to take his measure. If they think Scalia will prove more "flexible" or less "extreme" than Rehnquist, however, they are most likely deceiving themselves.

I had the chance to get to know Nino Scalia in the last years of the Carter Administration, when I worked for *Regulation*, a journal published by the American Enterprise Institute for which Scalia served as a part-time editor. Scalia was then a law professor at the University of Chicago, but he had none of the typical law professor's disdain for mere politics. He was

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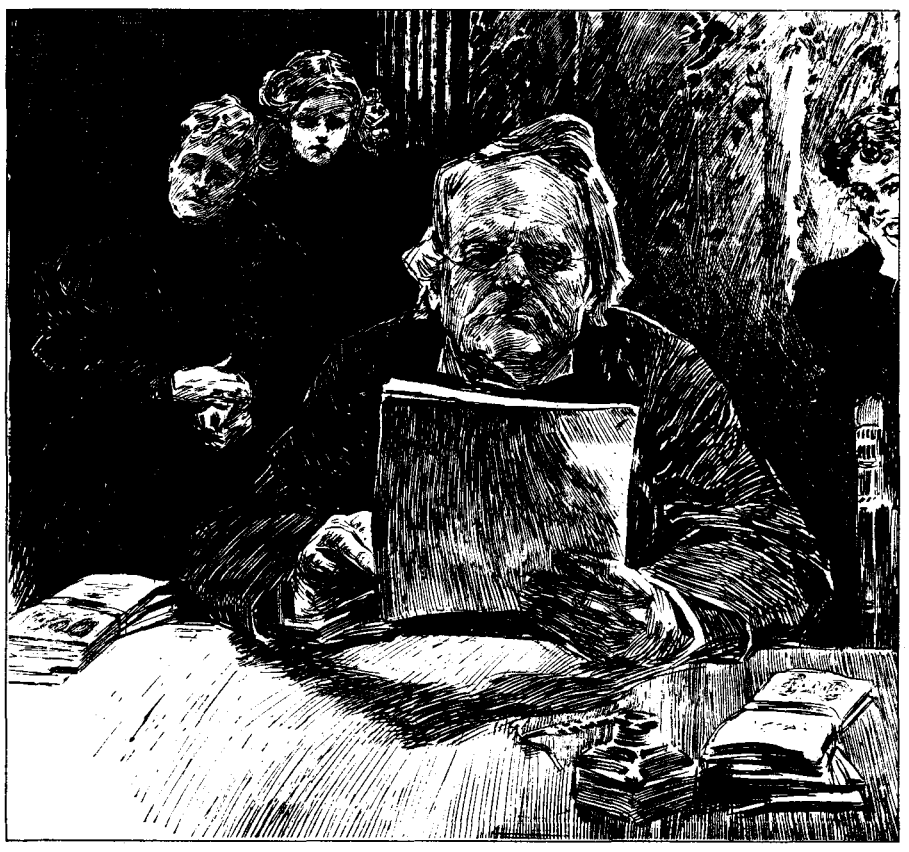
gregarious and amusing, and he clearly relished a good fight. At a time when AEI was trying to cultivate a respectable, bipartisan image, Scalia was described—with a mixture of envy and awe—as "a real partisan." He liked to quote the dictum of his former boss, Attorney General William Saxbe, who observed that the problem with Republicans was that "the Democrats want to govern the country and the Republicans simply don't want them to." An advocate of free market policies but by no means a libertarian, Scalia wanted to see his party take responsibility for governing.

Scalia was exasperated by the use of high-sounding legalistic flimflam to intimidate people from advancing respectable political agendas. And he did not go in for exaggerated solemnity about the majesty of "the law" or the heavy burdens of the judge. In 1979, when more than thirty states had passed resolutions calling for a constitutional convention to draft a balanced budget amendment, AEI sponsored a panel discussion on the issue, bringing Scalia together with several law professors who were then far better known. All the others pulled their chins, puffed on their pipes, and harrumphed about the danger that such a convention would "run wild" and propose constitutional amendments on a range of other issues quite unrelated to the balanced budget proposal. Uncowed by all these solemn warnings (and still a cigarette smoker), Scalia cheerily observed that the country might well benefit from a half-dozen constitutional amendments and proceeded to suggest a half-dozen controversial Supreme Court rulings as prime candidates for popular overruling.

Scalia served as Assistant Attorney General for Legal Counsel at the outset of the Ford Administration—which is to say, in the immediate aftermath of the Watergate scandals and the resignation of President Nixon—making him the official legal adviser for the presidency at a time when it had reached a particularly low ebb in public esteem. The experience seems to have strengthened his disdain for the moralistic cant that had emerged as one of the main props of Democratic politics in the 1970s. In his subsequent academic career, Scalia wrote relatively little about fashionable constitutional questions of equality or freedom of expression but concentrated instead on his original field, the gritty arrangements of administrative law. It is a good field for stiffening legal backbone, because the "minorities" pleading for special judicial concern in this area are usually middle-class environmentalists or consumer advocates, hardly abandoned orphans in the political process.

In his academic writings Scalia frequently criticized regulatory statutes that were declarations of good intentions rather than clear formulations of policy. He was also a frequent critic of elaborate procedural requirements in administrative rule-making, which he saw as naive or hypocritical contrivances concealing the irreducibly political nature of administrative policy-making. Most of all, he criticized the expansion of judicial review over regulatory policy-making during the 1970s, when courts began to take up the claims of environmental groups, consumer groups, and others complaining not about regulatory excesses threatening their own property or liberty but about the overall implementation of public policy. By allowing standing—that is, access to the courts—to challengers with no personal rights of their own at stake, the new judicial role has, in Scalia's view, threatened the separation of powers and the political accountability of the executive. More particularly he has characterized the pattern as an alliance against the executive between activist judges and enterprising factions in Congress—political factions, like the special patrons of the environmental movement, who lacked the strength to get their views enacted into actual statutes but were sufficiently well placed to leave helpful policy cues in committee reports for their allies on the bench.

Both Rehnquist and Scalia envisage a role for the courts that is limited but hardly passive and feeble.



In 1981 President Reagan appointed Antonin Scalia to the D.C. Court of Appeals, the court most preoccupied with suits against federal administrative agencies and the very court most notable for the kind of judicial activism in administrative law that Professor Scalia had been criticizing in the late 1970s. The opinions he has written since then certainly display clarity and craftsmanship, and it is noteworthy that his fellow judges on that court (many of them targets of his academic critiques in earlier years) all seem to have spoken well of his professional manner when questioned about his Supreme Court nomination by investigators for the American Bar Association. Still, I don't think Senator Hatch quite captured Scalia's quality when he praised him during the confirmation proceedings as a "judge's judge." Scalia might be better described as an "executive's judge."

It is not that he is a slavish supporter of anything done by the executive branch of the government. In 1982, to cite only one example, Scalia wrote an opinion insisting that American property holders in Honduras could pursue a claim against the government for damage done to their property by American military maneuvers there. But he is a judge who sees his role as delineating and enforcing clear limits and then leaving executive officials to make the tough choices they must make within those limits. Thus in a 1984 opinion he chastised his colleagues on the D.C. Court of Appeals for according standing to individual congressmen to challenge executive policies and then holding that the courts could exercise "the *ad-hoc*ery of remedial discretion" to withhold intervention when they deemed such restraint to be in the public interest. Scalia's dissent, invoking the logic of Chief Justice Marshall, insisted that the court's role was to enforce personal rights, not to exercise discretion in the public interest:

> Any scientific theory which required this kind of adjustment would be pronounced useless and discarded. What does it take, one wonders, to arouse judicial suspicions that a legal theory is wrong?

Scalia's view of the proper judicial role seems to be very close to the Rehnquist view. Both men envisage a role for courts that is limited but hardly passive and feeble. It requires a good deal of intellectual agility to draw clear and compelling doctrinal lines and then a good deal of moral discipline for judges to stick with these lines. It may not be a heroic role, but it is one with great constitutional dignity. Far better, in the end, an "executive's judge"—one who enforces the basic ground rules, recognizing that he cannot be one of the players—than a judicial executive who wants to manage political conflicts.

The Rehnquist-Scalia perspective is likely to prove increasingly influential on the Supreme Court and throughout the federal judiciary. Partly it will prove increasingly influential because two of the most able and articulate advocates of that view have now been raised to positions of greater prominence, while a very large number of bright and thoughtful lawyers of similar views have also been appointed to lower court positions in recent years. But I also think this view will exercise increasing influence and discipline because it is, in itself, a view in keeping with the times. The country seems to have wearied of moral hysteria and factional intransigence. We are not so dangerously divided that we need to have our public policy managed from above by benevolent judges. The Rehnquist Court, in embracing this perception, may be launching a new era in constitutional jurisprudence. But in some ways the Court may simply be catching up to the rest of the country. □

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Franz M. Oppenheimer

THE PARADOXES OF FRENCH POLITICS

Thanks to the right, the center holds.

It is no accident that France has the highest birthrate in Europe. France's core remains sound. There is no anti-nuclear hysteria, no anti-Americanism, no Spenglerian gloom. We have no other ally equally reliable. It is true that French governments, like the best of spouses, have not always been easy allies; and the justification for French refusal to grant overflight rights during the recent American airstrike against Libya was in the bizarre tradition of Gaullist *amour propre*: there would be no participation in a military action, Prime Minister Chirac said, when France is not an equal, active partner from the mission's inception.

Still, the essence of reliability cannot be deduced from an isolated, non-crucial governmental decision. It lies instead in a democratic country's public opinion. The significant comparison is not between Mrs. Thatcher's assent and M. Chirac's refusal, but between the disapproval of President Reagan's strike against Qaddafi by two-thirds of the British and by three-fourths of the Germans, and its approval by two-thirds of the French.

These figures must remind us that in England and Germany continued support for NATO will be at risk in the next elections. In both countries, the opposition calls for a repudiation of the established nuclear defense policy of NATO and of the United States. In Germany, moreover, it is not only the Social-Democratic and Green opposition that attack the defense policies of the United States. Even in conservative newspapers like the *Rheinische Merkur* and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, one can read articles that mention Afghanistan and Vietnam in the same breath and that ignore the Soviet Union's violations of SALT II while attacking President Reagan's arms policy. Even more significantly, *Der Spiegel*, the only German weekly news magazine, which is must reading for every German official and businessman every Monday morning, equals the late Dr. Goebbels in the envenomed baseness of its reporting on the United States. One sees its effect and that of its running dogs even on those Germans, young and old, who profess to be pro-American and pro-NATO.

This is why the United States must look to France for sure support in the continuing struggle for the survival of decency in the world, and why what has happened in France this spring should be understood. For contrary to the impression conveyed by almost all French and American media, the French legislative elections of March 16, which elevated the conservative Chirac to the post of prime minister, were far from an ambiguously narrow victory for the conservatives; they were a conservative landslide of historical proportions.

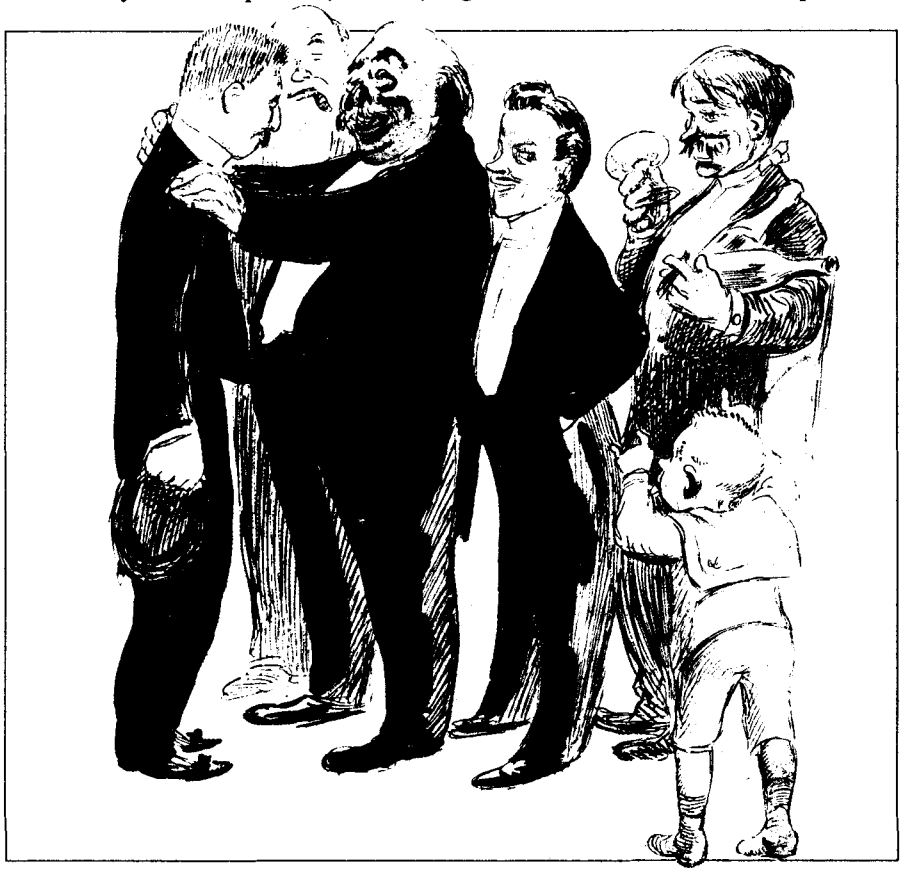
The standard view assumes that the Socialists have remained the strongest party and that the right-wing National Front is somehow too far beyond the pale to be counted among the conservatives. In fact, the Socialists are the largest party only by semantic legerdemain. The two large majority parties, Giscard d'Estaing's UDF and Chirac's RPR, are not separated by ideology, or, in any event, their voters are not. Their separation is due to the trivia of personalities. In the Socialist party, by contrast, the ideological rift between the high-church Marxists on its left (Mermaz, Jospin, Quille, Chevenement) and the pragmatists (Delore, Fabius) on its right is critical. Germany furnishes an analogy to the separate majority parties in France: Kohl's CDU and Franz Josef Strauss's CSU are separate parties without materially different policies.

Nor should the National Front be excluded when appraising the repudiation of socialism. Jean-Marie LePen, its leader and founder, is not a totalitarian; the party supports the democratic constitution and institutions of the Gaullist Fifth Republic. Indeed it is a testimonial to the magic of Communist propaganda that breaking bread and warming cabinet chairs with unreconstructed Stalinists of the French Communist party is still deemed quite seemly, while any cooperation with the National Front, such as a local tactical alliance for the election of a regional president, is likened to a black mass, or called, in the words of the last Socialist prime minister, Laurent Fabius, "gangsterism."

Recent election statistics tell the story: In the legislative elections of 1973 the combined left (Communists, Socialists, and left splinter parties) obtained 59 percent of the popular vote; in 1978 they fell to 52 percent; in 1981, 56 percent; and on March 16, 1986, 41 percent. In last spring's election the conservatives, including the National Front, obtained 55 percent of the popular vote, virtually the same percentage the left obtained in their great victory of 1981.

Thus for the first time in thirteen years the vote for the left has sunk considerably below 50 percent. And even more significant than this decline was the shift to the right within that vote: In 1973 the Communists were by far the strongest party of the left, accounting for more than half of its votes; in 1983 the Communists accounted for less than one-third of that total.

For a long time France was about equally split between left and right; in the words of Serge July, in his informative account, *The Mitterrand Years*, "in theory at least, only one or two percentage points made the difference between victory and defeat for the two great coalitions in the Fifth Republic."



Franz M. Oppenheimer, a Washington lawyer, is a frequent contributor. His "Treacherous Signposts: The Perils of Misreading Germany's Past" appeared in the November 1985 TAS.

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Now there is a conservative majority by a margin of 14 percent.

The conservative dominance was further demonstrated by last spring's elections of the presidents of France's twenty-two major regions, which, under the reforms enacted by the Mitterrand government, now enjoy significant autonomy. Only two of those regions retained a Socialist president. The elections also confirmed that the National Front cannot be counted out of the conservative majority, for five of those twenty presidencies were obtained, and could only have been obtained, with the votes of the National Front.

Thus in the spring of 1986 the center of gravity of the French nation as a whole, as well as the center of gravity of what the Socialists have called "the People of the Left," shifted dramatically to the right. And just as that shift itself has frequently failed to be recognized, so the nature of the Mitterrand government has been widely misunderstood in the United States. There was a widespread perception, deliberately nourished by some French diplomats, that nothing essential had changed in France under Mitterrand—that the same capable high civil servants who had always run the country were continuing to run it. The massive nationalizations of all big banks and most remaining major private industries were noted, but taken lightly; after all, had not even de Gaulle nationalized Renault and the three largest banks, and did not even capitalist Germany have major government-owned industries? The Mitterrand regime, in short, was perceived, at worst, as a benign social-democratic rule, like that of Helmut Schmidt in Germany. Had that been the case, we'd need not bother to take much interest in last spring's change.

But it was not the case. The Mitterrand government had run a radical campaign in 1981, and once in power it embarked on a radical program. Nationalizations alone would not have constituted such a dramatic change, for it makes little difference whether the shareholders of a company are governments or private persons. What does make a difference is when the managers of a company receive frequent and peremptory orders from political officials. Such became the case in France after May 1981. Nor was it true that the even tenor of the established civil service continued undisturbed. Socialist or Communist sympathies, if not party membership, became mandatory for holding governmental office down to what in the United States would be the bureau-chief level. Similar purges were visited upon the old and the newly nationalized companies. Distinguished and nonpolitical bankers and industrialists had to take makeshift jobs, teach high school, or just do nothing, while reliable party members, sometimes most obscure ones, flourished as new-baked chief executive officers of giant enterprises.

In the spring of 1986 the center of gravity of the French nation as a whole shifted dramatically to the right.

None of those upheavals could come as a surprise to those who had followed Socialist oratory during and after the election campaign of 1981. At the party's congress in October 1981 the voices of the Jacobins were raised high. Accompanied by the frenetic applause of the faithful, Paul Quiles, a party poohbah, said:

> Believe me, dear comrades, that no one will thank us for leaving in their place all those in high places of business and government who are our adversaries, and we must not be afraid to say so. . . . Nor must we be satisfied to say so in an evasive way, like Robespierre in the Convention of the Eighth Thermidor 1794: heads will roll. We must say which ones, and we must say it fast.

Those sentiments were echoed a few months later in a newspaper interview given by a minister of commerce, M. Delélis: "After the 12th of May [the date of the 1981 election] we should have fired some, jailed others and even shot some."

Utterances like these sprang from an almost endearingly anachronistic view of the "class struggle." During the campaign the "People of the Left" were contrasted with the ruling "People of the Chateaux." At a meeting in the prime minister's office in the spring of 1982, a prefect criticized such rhetoric against businessmen, saying that most company presidents, especially those of medium and small companies, would be ready to work with a Socialist government if only they were addressed in a friendly fashion. Red in the face, the first Socialist prime minister, Pierre Mauroy, said: "You have not been appointed to defend the bosses against the workers, but to cultivate with us our socialist earth."

The most sinister display of this almost totalitarian intolerance was made in the Mitterrand government's relations with the media. Although Mitterrand had been a vociferous critic of the preceding government's control of television, his government controlled it with even a heavier hand, and yet was criticized by its apostles for not extending its control far enough. Thus M. Mermaz, then-president of the National Assembly and one of the most doctrinaire Marxists in the party, complained after the Socialists' defeat in the cantonal elections of March 1982:

> We must educate public opinion. We require everywhere people who understand change. I must tell you frankly, that we are not being helped in this work of education by the media, by the collectivity of audiovisual media—we do not have a television for change.

To see and hear him make that statement on television was a chilling experience.

Less sinister, but more immediately destructive, were the Socialists' economic fantasies. The Socialist party congress of 1979 announced that "it is not our goal to modernize or mitigate capitalism, but to replace it with socialism." What kind of socialism was partly explained on another occasion by M. Mermaz; it was to be a system, he said, situated between that of Sweden and that of the USSR. He did not say to which it should be closest.

Mitterrand himself voiced the most astounding of these Marxist fantasies just before his election in 1981:

> If there is growing unemployment, it is because the ruling class wants it. Big Capital uses unemployment like a purge. The steering wheel of unemployment constitutes for the economic system incarnated by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing a tactical weapon to contain the working class, and a strategic one, to integrate our country in the international division of labor.

President Mitterrand did not only write these words, he believed them. No wonder he was flabbergasted when unemployment, instead of disappearing on May 12, 1981, continued to rise: from 7.5 percent in 1981 to 8.5 percent in 1982. He had promised one million new jobs; by the end of 1985 half a million jobs had been lost. And this particular flawed vision was symptomatic of many others. One year after their victory and a debauch of public expenditures, economic collapse was foreseeable; as *Le Monde* put it: "The Chinese lanterns of the festival of 1981 were very quickly extinguished." Rhetoric had to yield to facts; and in June 1982 a deflationary policy and wage controls replaced spending, wage increases, and increases in entitlements. Less than a year later, in March 1983, after the defeat of the left in municipal elections, it became apparent that the retrenchment of 1982 had not been enough. The French franc had to be devalued for the third time, and a second plan of retrenchment—at the opposite pole of Socialist ideology—had to be adopted, and it was.

But not without turmoil. The ideologues on the left of the party fought hard for a socialist solution within the councils of government. Instead of retrenchment, *rigeur*, they pleaded for a breach with the European Monetary System, import restrictions—in short, for all the economic blessings of a "people's democracy." President Mitterrand's newly acquired economic realism was poised precariously for ten days between those counsels of protectionism and the appeal of Europe and

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good economic sense. Had he followed his original instinct not to give in to the economic pressures from the world outside France, Europe as we have known it for a generation would have come to an end. Fortunately wisdom prevailed.[1] From then on the Mitterrand government pursued an economic policy that could no longer be seriously criticized by the right.

As could be expected, the defeat of the left at the polls this year was blamed not only by the Communists but also by the Socialist left wing on the government's economic turnabout. Not long after the elections the rhetoric and the vocabulary of 1981 returned to Socialist gatherings. There was again talk of a "new class alliance," "the matrix of the workers' movement," "the ideology of the dominant classes and nations," "the political work of the masses," and of "the alliance of social forces."

That is why the recent conservative shift is so important, and why a speedy return to power by the Socialists might well jeopardize the economic progress made since 1983; the pragmatic common sense of the last Socialist government under Prime Minister Fabius, and hence, once again, the integrity of the European Community, would also be endangered. True, such setbacks would not directly imperil the political and military defense of Western Europe against the Soviet menace; on that score France is sound under whatever government now conceivable. Yet the consequences of economic turmoil are never wholly predictable.

The chances of a premature return of the Socialists to power have been evoked by an astonishing comeback of President Mitterrand's popularity in the polls. Raymond Barre, Giscard's last prime minister and an aspirant to the presidency, fears that in the glow of popularity President Mitterrand may resign, and be re-elected for another term of seven years; that he would then dissolve the National Assembly, and that the French people would wish to give him again the parliamentary majority he would need to govern instead of merely to reign.

There are good reasons for believing that this prognosis is wrong. President Mitterrand's standing in the polls, though still impressive, has been in steady decline since May. More importantly, the French people have good reasons to value him as chief of state and as an individual. Their approval of the "cohabitation" of a conservative government with a Socialist president is not only based, as many French commentators believe, on the French love of paradox and backstage infighting. Many Frenchmen have always resented not having a political choice in the center; the checks and balances of cohabitation have given them that choice.

Moreover, President Mitterrand has stature. He fits General de Gaulle's prescription for a leader: He is complex and mysterious. He showed courage when as a young minister of veteran affairs he fired every Communist senior official in his ministry even though Communists made up the largest political party, with 28 percent of the vote. As president he visits obscure old friends when they are sick, he never misses a funeral, and he does not forget his friends' widows. During his first year as president he gave the Legion of Honor to every one of his fellow students who had lived with him at the same student hostel in Paris. His love for French literature and the French countryside cannot be doubted by anyone who has read his published journals.[2]

Yet appreciation of such qualities in a president does not necessarily make one a voter for the Socialist party. A Socialist comeback, in sum, is unlikely, and the prospects for "singing tomorrows" in a vital non-Socialist France are bright. □

[1]The turmoil of those ten days is described in Serge July's *Les Années Mitterrand* (Paris, 1986).

[2]The complexities of Mitterrand's life and character are brilliantly presented in Catherine Nay's *Le Noir et Le Rouge* (Paris, 1984).

Benjamin J. Stein

THE BAD GIRLS OF GAMMA NU

The trouble started at USC when they thought Marie was Schmooey Lipsher's daughter.

About five years ago, my best friend and writing-partner, whom I will call Schmooey Lipsher, hired a part-time messengerette. She was a freshman at Pierce College, straight out of a girls' parochial school in Burbank. She was a cheerful, extremely beautiful young woman, almost a dead ringer for the young Sophia Loren, and they hit it off immediately.

Two years after she started, more or less, she decided that she urgently had to go to the University of Southern California. This was not just important, but a matter of life or death. Her grades were miserable, but Marie (as I will call her) was and is a stubborn girl. If her grades wouldn't do it, she would turn the trick by writing a perfect admissions essay. She would simply force my writing-partner and me to help her write and re-write her essay until it was good enough to get her in. We all worked for weeks on her essay on "California—Where The Good Feeling Never Stops," and Marie was accepted.

As soon as she got into USC, Marie pledged a sorority. It was one of the best "priss houses" on campus. It had a huge white facade and columns and a green lawn, and rows of blonde girls with even teeth and pearls and ribbons in their hair. There were only two little hitches in her pledging, as Marie recalls.

The first was when a panel of "actives" asked Marie for written documentation of her father's and her mother's names and their parents' names, which was a lot of trouble, but Marie did not really think about it. "I figured it was just to make sure we were really enrolled at SC," she said. The second was when Marie had "Presentation." Her parents were on a tour of Ireland. She asked Schmooey and my wife to stand in for them, and they did. "A couple of the actives asked me what relation they were, and when I said he was my boss, they seemed very relieved," Marie said. But, again, Marie did not think about the whole subject for long. →

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, producer, and movie actor in Hollywood. His latest book is Her Only Sin *(St. Martin's).*

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She was, after all, a busy Trojan. She had her Physics classes, her Poli Sci, and her Long Island Iced Teas and her rooftesting. ("Rooftesting" is throwing a stereo or a bicycle or a TV off the roof to see if it will still work after it hits the ground.)

After a flurry of dating, she even had a boyfriend as handsome as she was pretty. "Sterling Schmidt" was a blond icon from Kappa Sig. His father owned apartment buildings near Torrance. Sterling's family lived in a perfect ranch house in the Rolling Hills section of Palos Verdes, with a towering view of the ocean. He had white, even teeth, and he planned to be a stockbroker and have lunch every day at the Jonathan Club, just like Grand-Dad.

Marie had trouble with her classes, and she thought a few of the girls were ridiculously stuck-up. But overall, life went as smoothly as a USC co-ed's life should go, with a few infuriating exceptions.

"When the girls learned I worked for a Jewish guy, they were always teasing me about it, and was he incredibly cheap to me, and did his wife spend all day doing her nails, and did he, like, cheat on his income taxes all the time," Marie said, "and it really bothered me. My mother was born in France, before the war, and she met my Dad when he came back to Paris in 1955 for the anniversary of some big battle. And she was always telling me about how horrible life was in France, even when she was just a really little girl, under the Nazis. She would tell me about how the Nazis would just round up men off the street, and nobody would ever see them again. And she had a Jewish girlfriend who had been taken away by the Nazis from a house in the Bastille district, and the brother came back after the war and said that the girl had been gassed somewhere in Poland. And my Mom could never tell that story without starting to cry, and then my Dad would cry, too."

Marie's parents would never allow her or her three sisters to make any kind of racial remarks at all. "It wouldn't matter if they were about black people or Mexicans, or anyone. My Mom would go ape-shit if anyone around her ever called a Mexican a beaner or a black person a nigger or anything like that, and that was the way I was brought up. So the way the girls at Gamma Nu talked about Jews really bugged me, and I used to really get into some radical brawls about it."

"My roommate told me I was really getting a bad rep as a troublemaker, and people in the house were wondering whether I was secretly Jewish or what."

One of the worst brawls came in the spring of Marie's first year at USC. Second semester rushing and pledging had started. Marie was on the Rush Committee. She talked to all of the rushees, and became particularly friendly with four girls, all from Encino, all Jewish, ". . . all really, really cute and nice, and I thought they would all be great for Gamma Nu."

The Pledge Committee couldn't believe their ears. "You have got to be kidding," the chairwoman said. "We already have two Jewish girls in this house. If we get any more, we're gonna get a reputation as a Jewish house, and then we'll never get invited to the good parties anymore."

"I'm sure," Marie said. "We have over a hundred girls, and we can't have more than two Jewish girls? That doesn't make sense."

"That's the way it is," the other girls assured her. "When _____, which used to be a really good house, got five Jewish girls, Kappa Sig and Sigma Chi stopped asking them to their parties, and all the invitations they got were from geek houses."

"That stinks," Marie said, but she let the matter lie until after dinner.

Then, a knot of actives sat around in the chapter room laughing and giggling. When Marie walked in to watch the TV, the girls all fell silent and walked out of the room. "I knew that was directed at me," Marie said, "but I really didn't know what it was all about until later that night, after I got back from one of my few trips to the library.

"My roommate Staci was kind of high, leaning out the window smoking cloves, and when I came in, she told me she had to talk to me. She told me I was really getting a bad rep as a troublemaker, and people in the house were wondering whether I was secretly Jewish or what. Staci told me that most of the girls in the house really liked me, but they were wondering why I kept sticking up for the Jews, like was my first Dad Jewish, or what?"

Marie was almost too shocked to reply. While she was sputtering, another girl, whom I will call Debbie, walked into the room and joined in. "You don't want to get known as being too tight with the Jewish girls," she said. "Then everyone will think you're really cheap and they won't want you to come to their houses or anything. Sometimes the girls' fathers get a little wasted and they start making jokes about Jews, like about, 'we've got to really appreciate the Jews, because if there hadn't been Jews, there wouldn't be ovens,' and if you start to give them a hard time, they won't have you back to their houses, and then the alumni start bad-mouthing you. Besides, the Jewish girls in the house are all real snotty bitches and they never let you borrow their clothes or anything, and they watch every penny, and everything."

"Plus, Jewish girls are considered really easy, and we don't want to get that kind of reputation either," Staci added helpfully.

Marie was upset, even wild, for two weeks. But eventually she calmed down. "The house was so pretty, and most of the time the girls were so nice and so sweet that I couldn't really believe the girls meant what they said, and I just went on with my schoolwork and partying."

That was before the incident of the emerald earrings. Early in April, Lisa (as I will call her), the daughter of two doctors from Pasadena, came shrieking into the dining hall one evening to report a catastrophe. Her emerald earrings, a gift from her grandparents no less, were missing. Someone must have stolen them. A board of inquiry was immediately convened, and all hot tips were to be reported to Marie's roommate, Staci.

"It was horrible," Marie recalled. "Every tip that came in said that one of the Jewish girls must have stolen the earrings. It was like, girls would come in and say that Gamma Nu had made a mistake having Jews in the house anyway, because when any of them even came near anything valuable, it was time to forget about it, because it was gone. Meanwhile, Lisa is the biggest liar in the house, and she probably was so stoned screwing some little fraternity boy that she lost them, and she was scared to tell her precious grandparents, so she spread it around that one of the Jewish girls took the things, even though she knows really well she lost them herself."

Marie is an irrepressible character. Later that night, while she was having a beer with her boyfriend at the Nine-Oh, she told him the story of the earrings and the frame-up. Sterling Schmidt simply smiled at her and asked, "You know why we have to be thankful for Jews? Because if there hadn't been Jews, we wouldn't have ovens."

"I don't think that's funny," Marie said, and she walked out.

By now, the word on Marie was out, as she told me. "I was crazy. A troublemaker. Not a party animal any longer. Forget it."

But the clincher came the next night. Marie and three of her pals from Gamma Nu went to Spago for drinks, as they often did. As usual, the line of hip young men and women stretched out onto Horn Street. Marie, no shrinking violet to be sure, did not want to stand in line. It so happened that her boss had recently done a favor for Wolfgang Puck, and every waiter at Spago knew his name.

Marie, an aggressive kid, told the

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captain that she did not want to be kept waiting, because she was "Schmooey Lipsher's number one writing-partner." The captain did not quite hear, so Marie said, "I'm Schmooey's daughter."

Alas, Marie still had to wait in line. But by the next morning, word was all over the house, with the particularly elegant misstatements typical of youthful gossip.

Marie was Jewish, so the story went. Schmooey Lipsher was her father. Her parents had gotten remarried, and now she tried to cover up that she was Jewish. She had even had an elaborate nose-job to cover up her original Jewish features.

The story went around the campus like wildfire, until seven-thirty on Monday night, when Marie was summoned before the sorority's highest powers. The sorority president, no less, demanded to see Marie in Chapter. Alone.

Marie, who I had never seen with a book, took my copy of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and read it in a week.

"Are you Jewish?" Kathleen asked, without preamble, "because if you are, and you like tried to cover it up, it's really going to hurt Gamma Nu. We aren't racists or anything. We try to take two Jewish girls every year, but we don't want to go overboard. If you're Jewish, why didn't you rush one of the Jewish houses, like A. E. Phi or someplace like that? Now we're gonna get a reputation, and people will start looking at all of us and wondering if we're Jewish, too, if we have big noses or anything. This is really gonna hurt."

I told you before, and it's true, that Marie is not a shrinking violet. She also is a journalist and knows curiosity. She also likes to see what people are like on the inside. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I am Jewish. What of it."

"Can you just keep it quiet?" Kathleen asked after a heavy pause. "I'll tell you the truth. There are a couple of other girls in the house who are half Jewish, and we try to keep it really, really quiet, and they don't go blabbing either."

"Are you crazy?" Marie asked. "I'm proud of my father. I'm not going to keep it quiet. I'm not gonna put up a billboard on the row, but I'm not keeping it quiet, either."

Kathleen just stared at Marie, and walked out of the Chapter Room.

"After that, for the next few weeks, it was like I was getting some kind of awful silent treatment, or like I was this really terrible geek," Marie said. "First of all, my roommate, Staci, was having her twenty-first birthday party at the L.A. Country Club. She told me weeks ago I was invited. Then, all of a sudden, it's for family only, and I can't go, even though three other girls from the house were going.

"Then, I was listening to my stereo one night, and this girl from the sorority Gestapo came storming in and told me this was the last straw, and I was on probation. It was just crazy, because I hadn't even been warned about anything before.

"Then, I noticed that whenever the girls were talking about the emerald earrings thing, if I came down the hall, they would stop talking and give me this really suspicious look. It was like, now that I was Jewish, I must have had something to do with Lisa's earrings, which was like a total scam from day one anyway.

"The worst thing though was Sterling. He suddenly became like really, really cold to me, and he still wanted to sleep with me, but he didn't want to talk to me anymore. And he always used to take me over to meet his grandfather at the Jonathan Club, and then he stopped doing that, too, and he still wanted to sleep with me, but it was like I was just his concubine, and we didn't have anything to talk about anymore. And he never took me down to P.V. to see his family anymore, not ever, and it really made me feel like I was just this little slut girl. For a few days, I was so dumb I didn't get it. Then I was with him and a few of his ratty little fraternity boy pals at the Nine-Oh, and they were totally drunk, and one of them started to make this joke about how whenever he really wanted a laugh, he would get in his Porsche and drive up and down La Brea and scream in a fake Jewish accent at the old guys with their hats on La Brea. And then Sterling, of all people, starts to say his little joke: 'Why are we lucky there are Jews? Because otherwise . . .' But he didn't get to finish that one, because I threw my Margarita right in his face."

Marie was completely stunned also by the reaction of the few other Jewish girls in the house. "It's so totally weird," she said. "I would have thought they would completely take my side and help me, and at least they would be my pals. But they were the coldest of any of the girls. One of them, this little bitch from Encino, actually told me to my face that I had screwed everything up for her, because it just wasn't that cool to be Jewish at SC, and now I had made a big fuss about it, and I was just calling attention to everybody who just wanted to go to USC and have a good time and forget she was Jewish."

Marie had a few allies. Alice Dowling was a forty-five-year-old, completely hip black woman who ran the kitchen at Gamma Nu. She had been at the house since her days as a backup, replacement stand-in, way down at the end of the bench, for Martha and the Vandellas. She had been in the soapy water for fifteen years. She had seen the actives come and go. She regularly toked up every day after lunch and stayed toked up until way after dinner. "I know you aren't really Jewish," she told Marie one day.

"How do you know?" Marie asked.

"Because you are a troublemaker, and a pain in the ass," Alice said, "and Jewish girls are always trying to fit in, and you don't give a damn if you fit in. When they're too hard on you, you come down to my office here and we'll talk some trash about the seniors."

For the next few weeks, Alice's tiny room behind the kitchen was Marie's main redoubt for peace and quiet and even some boss ganja.

Marie had a friend in the journalism department who also encouraged her. He had been a war correspondent attached to Patton's Third Army. He had been with Patton when he liberated Dachau and saw the most logical and horrifying conclusion to which the policies of racism led. Now he only looked in on news-writing classes, and was not even a faculty member. But he had heard about Marie's treatment—from Marie—and he offered her any help he could. "A few of the kids do it because they think it's cool to be racist, like a sign of adulthood almost," he told her. "A few play the racist parts because they are genuinely angry, psychopathic people who should be in prison. And most of the other kids just go along because they're too whacked to care or else they don't even know about it.

"The thing is, that's not as harmless as it sounds, because that's about the same proportions that there were in Germany," he added.

Marie also had a by no means cool kid from Kappa Sig who was on her side. Like the elder statesman of the journalism department, he was certain that Marie really was Jewish. He was Presbyterian, and an outcast at Kappa Sig since he had told the actives that they were jackasses for making fun of black people behind their backs, and then kissing O. J. Simpson's ass whenever he happened to cruise down The Row in his Rolls.

That boy—whom I will call Ted—had once been through a crush on Marie. He had been a distant second to Sterling Schmidt, and frankly, even in her travail at Gamma Nu, Marie thought that Ted was not quite hip enough to be more than a friend. But now Ted was a friend indeed. While Marie would be left alone in the dining room of Gamma Nu, whispered

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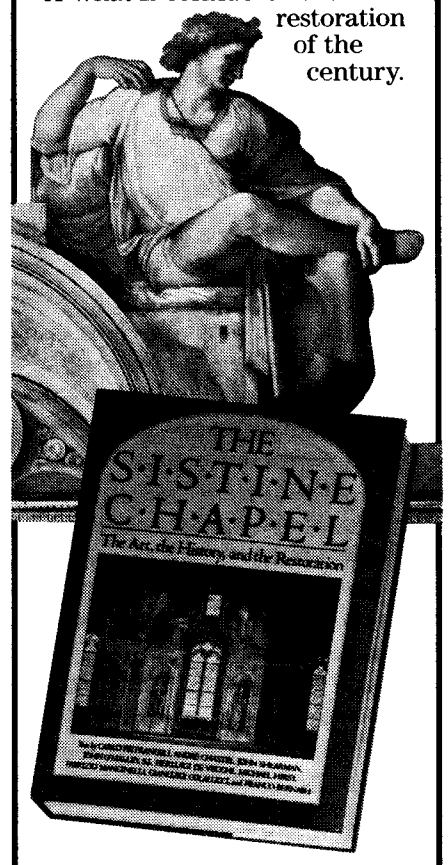

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about behind her back as a troublemaker and the potential ruin of Gamma Nu, Ted would always be there to walk with Marie down the Bike Path so that she would not be alone while boys and girls whispered about her. He made sure she never had to spend Thursday nights alone (Thursday is to SC what Saturday is to Princeton), and called her to make sure she got messages.

Marie's parents and Schmooey Lipsher were also with her, and so was I.

Perhaps more important, certainly more surprising, Marie was herself becoming a new woman. Before the run-in with the Gamma Nu powers, she had been interested overall in boys, cars, clothes, and being richly cool. The orbit of her imagination went little beyond Newport Beach and Santa Barbara. Her career would be "public relations" and then hostess and wife of a wealthy man. Her spare time was—and would always be—spent talking to her pals, shopping, and playing volleyball.

But with the opening of her eyes at Gamma Nu came an opening of her whole life. Marie, whom I had never seen with a book, took my copy of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and read it in a week. She began—but could not finish—*The War Against the Jews* by Lucy Dawidowicz. She rented *Night and Fog* and watched it over and over. She even went to the Holocaust Museum on Pico in West L.A. and stared in silent shock at the artifacts of genocide—the barbed wire, the uniforms, the photos of men and women and children being murdered for their heritage.

The Marie I had seen when she first bounced through Schmooey Lipsher's door from Pierce was changed. This was a new young woman, with the zest and energy of the old, but with a purpose in her life, for the first time. This was a Marie with weight in her soul.

Now I have to tell you that if you are looking for a miracle ending to this story, you are reading the wrong story. The war against racism is lost by miles and only won by inches.

Debbie and Lisa came up with their own little coup. It was simple, but then they were not deep thinkers.

Little by little through the spring, Marie was frozen out of all but the most superficial aspects of life on The Row. Most of the time, no one but Alice spoke to her in the house. Her roommates were moved to another room and she was left alone. But that was not enough. Marie had done something unpardonable to the kiddies of Gamma Nu. By making them confront their own racism, she had made them see who they were, and for that, she could not be forgiven.

One night Debbie and Lisa and a few other honchos at Gamma Nu came back from drinking with some boys from SAE, who teased them again about becoming a Jewish house, and when were the guys with the big furry hats going to come over and start having prayers in Hebrew and everything. Debbie and Lisa did not like it. They went to Kathleen and came up with their own little coup. It was simple, but then they were not deep thinkers.

Lisa showed up in the dining room shrieking that now her grandmother's diamond ring was missing. Everyone in the house would have to be searched. Plus their closets, plus their drawers. Surprise, surprise, when Marie came back from the library, the house was dark. She was ushered into Chapter. The blinds were drawn. Kathleen and the other officers told her to sit down. This was serious business.

"We're going to do you a favor," Kathleen said. "You can resign, and leave and move out, or we have to go to the police with this. It's really embarrassing, and we hope you'll show some consideration for the house and some respect for yourself by just going quietly. Tonight. We'll never tell anyone what happened."

From my point of view, this was Marie's big moment. It would have been easy for her to spill the beans any time before then. She would have been regarded as a maniac, but still not a danger. Now, in every sense, everyone was in deep water. Kathleen and Lisa and Debbie had committed a crime by falsifying a theft and incriminating an innocent woman. Marie knew it. So did Kathleen, Lisa, and Debbie. On the other hand, if Marie challenged the house, she could get a police record for theft—even if only an accusation.

Marie looked around the room. She saw only one friendly face. Alice Dowling, in the back of the Chapter, gave her a clenched fist salute.

"Look," Marie said as she later told me, "I haven't stolen a thing, and all of you know it. I haven't done a single bad thing to Lisa or Debbie or Staci or anyone. You all know it. You're doing this to me because you think I'm Jewish and I embarrassed you by getting in here pretending not to be Jewish, and now you're gonna have a reputation as a Jewish house.

"I want to tell you something. I'm not Jewish. I never was Jewish. I have to tell you that after I've seen what Jews put up with here at SC, I would be proud to be Jewish. After I've seen pictures of what the Nazis did to Jews, I would be very proud to be Jewish.

"Do any of you know what happened to Jews forty or fifty years ago? Did you know that Jewish mothers were bayoneted with their babies? That Jewish families were marched around naked by the Nazis and then gassed? That Jewish girls the same age as we are were pushed into mass graves and buried alive, trying to push their fingers out of the dirt? That little Jewish boys and girls had their eyes cut out without anesthetics by Nazis? Just because they were Jews?

"When you decide that you'll be soiled if you have three Jewish actives instead of two, did you know you were thinking the same way the Nazis did? Did you ever think about whether there was even any truth at all to all your smears? Or whether you had given some perfectly nice Jewish girl a memory that'll remind her of Auschwitz for as long as she lives?

"I'll tell you what. I'm not Jewish, but I would be proud to be part of people who developed a cure for polio after what the Nazis did to them. And I'm not a Gamma Nu anymore. If you even think of calling the police for something I didn't do, I'll sue this house and you three bitches for the rest of your lives. Try that one out. I still have some friends here, or at least I thought I did. But after I've been out of school, when you can't hurt me or anyone I love, I'm going to do something about you.

"Little Hitler Youth Nazis with ribbons in their hair don't belong at SC. Making girls feel shitty because they were born Jewish and never did a thing to hurt anybody doesn't belong in L.A. and not even in this whole country. This is a great school, and you're dragging it in the dirt. I'm embarrassed to even be here."

Chapter was silent for just a moment as Marie walked out. Then Alice Dowling shouted out, "Right on!" and walked with Marie out the door onto Twenty-Eighth Street, down the Bike Path, and into the world.

I wish I could report that the girls of Gamma Nu ran after Marie begging her to come back. Even more, I wish I could report that everything is changed along The Row and that a young man's or young woman's character, and not his or her name or complexion, was what counted. Unfortunately, we all know that very little has changed. Gamma Nu, as I have called it, still restricts how many non-Aryans it will take. So do all of the most "prestigious" houses at SC, and at many other universities in this free country. In all too many places, the Greek system still teaches one indelible lesson to children at the most impressionable of ages, the lesson of racism.

I can report that Marie, and a few friends, now have more meaning in their lives, and that Gamma Nu has had to find a new woman to run the kitchen. The war against hatred is won by inches. □

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THE HOOSIER PULSE

WHERE IT'S AT

by Kent Owen

Social science has yet to find a cure for it, let alone a way of accounting for its outbreaks. Suddenly, when the rest of the world least expects it, a disturbing eventfulness sweeps across Indiana, making the Hoosiers seem for the nonce more noteworthy than God meant them to be. Like El Niño and the turkey buzzards of Hinckley, Ohio, this upsets the larger scheme of things. Besides, it is bad for the Hoosier character because it worsens our self-absorption, which is nearly total anyway, especially during the basketball season.

Lately a plethora of news has burst upon and about us: Supreme Court decisions, presidential nominations, congressional contests, spy trials, federal grand jury indictments, entanglements of policy both foreign and domestic, hardships of farming, botherations of modern life. Such are the current symptoms of "Hoosierocentrism": the settled conviction that deep down everything is connected, in one way or another, with Indiana. Moreover, this leads inexorably to the belief that Indiana is the true center of all creation. There are times like these when, as if set in train by sunspots, random occurrences urge themselves toward us. Instances abound.

The United States Senate recently disposed of the nomination of Daniel Manion of South Bend to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals. Mr. Manion, innocent of distinction in either his law practice or a single term in the State Senate, was made the whipping boy of those who challenge the President's resolve to appoint judges of his jurisprudential kidney. Much ado was done about faulty grammar and spelling in the sample briefs Manion submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee and his inexperience in the federal courts; and about his lack of glitter as an ornament of the bar; and his absence of accredited scholarship in the approved journals; and his dearth of remarkable accomplishment. The media were quick to point out that he was the son of the late Clarence Manion, once dean of the Notre Dame law school, a founder of the John Birch Society, and an outspoken patriot whose radio and television series, "The Manion Forum," were the forerunners of "Firing Line," "The McLaughlin Group," and various local dog & pony shows. Dan Manion had worked with his father and thus was presumably culpable of the same hard-nosed, tough-talking anti-statism and anti-Communism. Although the dean was hardly a model of subtlety and discretion in his opinions—Westbrook Pegler and Fulton Lewis Jr. made him seem decorous as a Viennese head waiter—nothing to speak of that he said or did went beyond the limits of polemical fair play.

The deadlocked Judiciary Committee sent the nomination without endorsement to the full Senate, where after parliamentary stratagems, nomination-bartering, thrusting and feinting in the cloakroom, Manion was confirmed. The spectacle was not edifying. Despite the late Roman Hruska's defense of mediocrity in public men, there was more to be said for having a Dan Manion on the federal bench than was adduced in argument before the Senate.

If it were left to a Hoosier of middling sensibility, he might say nowhere is it written that a federal judge must be a law journal editor, a Supreme Court clerk, a senior partner in a major metropolitan firm, an established leader in a state bar association or the ABA, a veteran of the federal courts—in fine, a person of such conspicuous distinction that the sheer weight of professional respectability must render him ripe for a judgeship. For all these lofty standards, can there not be other, equally sound measures of fitness? Isn't it possible that a lawyer from a small-town practice whose work is concerned with routine, downright pedestrian cases—the kinds of matters ordinary men and women take to lawyers and, if unlucky, then to court—can be well equipped to administer justice wisely and fairly? Can a lawyer whose outlook is based on the workaday experiences of average people and businesses apply the Constitution, the statutes, and the common law just as capably as one whose educational and professional background has obliged him to deal with clients of more elevated circumstances?

From the Hoosier perspective there is something to be said for that quality as needful in a judge as judicial temperament: namely, common sense. Lest it be thought this is populist mysticism used to counter intellectual force and academic rigor, it should be understood that common sense implies a breadth and depth of judgment gained from thoughtful attention to what is usual, concrete, particular, and obvious; what is known in the light of commonday. In the catalogue of qualities looked for in a judge, there ought to be a provision for it. At the very least, the exercise of trying to discover the presence of common sense in a nominee would prove instructive.

None of this says Judge-Designate Manion is an exemplar of this virtue, only that his background may have prepared him to be a judge in ways that have their own merit. Whatever else he brings to his deliberations, he has already shown beyond peradventure that he can keep his nerve as well as his wits about him. No mean feat, particularly for a judge-to-be.

While Hoosiers can scarcely claim a corner on common sense, they make such a fuss about it that it's a rare politician who doesn't boast of owning it in uncommon amounts. In this usage the phrase suggests "the common touch," the effortless ability to seem down-to-earth and at ease with a cross-section of humanity. The former can often be evinced as an all-purpose heartiness or a pleasant blandness that borders on the nondescript. The latter is produced by frequent expressions of fellow-feeling, usually in the presence of the afflicted, the infirm, the desti-

Kent Owen is The American Spectator*'s Indiana Editor.*

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tute, or the lowly. What is needed is proof that an office-holder is not so far removed from the circumstances of ordinary people that he cannot understand their concerns.

That may have been what made Earl Landgrebe so arresting. Landgrebe, who died at age 70 on July 1, was the representative from Indiana's Second District, after Charles Halleck. He cut an odd figure in the House, and is most notoriously remembered for his adamant support of Richard Nixon to the last: "Don't confuse me with the facts," he told the press. He was given to such acts as handing out Bibles in Moscow's Red Square and similar Godless places. His relations with Republican satraps back home were less than happy because they thought he was a laughing-stock, but even worse because he ignored their instructions. When a Purdue history professor, Floyd Fithian, beat him in 1974—the first Democrat to hold the seat since the advent of the tractor—he returned to Valparaiso to run his trucking business, as much an exile in his time as Nixon himself.

It is tempting to write off Earl Landgrebe as an inconsequential three-term congressman who was woefully and pathetically out of his element in Washington. During his years in the State Senate he had also been rather *outré*, too brusque and bluff to join the club, nicknamed the "abominable no-man" for his efforts to reduce the size and cost of government. What the press and maybe his colleagues missed in Earl Landgrebe was his energetic belief that a legislator was there to help his constituents: to find out what happened to Ernest Bonine's Social Security check, why Orville Schenkel's son-in-law was in jail in Zamboanga, who in the Agriculture Department was holding up Minnie Manyunk's acreage allotment certificate, what the Job's Daughters from Chesterton should see on their spring trip to Washington. Then there were the visits to the burn ward at Walter Reed during the Vietnam war, and letters to write and calls to make to parents of patients he had met on his rounds. He had to look out for any boy who had fought for his country.

Such tasks took time and energy, but somebody had to attend to them, because, as Earl Landgrebe supposed, that's what the people wanted their congressman to do. Others would have alerted the media well in advance to such errands, counting on plenty of photos and coverage to attest to their vast generosity of spirit. Landgrebe wanted to do it without fuss; he thought it was the right thing to do, and he respected the privacy of those he helped. As a Lutheran layman of quiet but serious piety, he felt he had a Christian responsibility to perform good works. Self-serving publicity would have been profane.

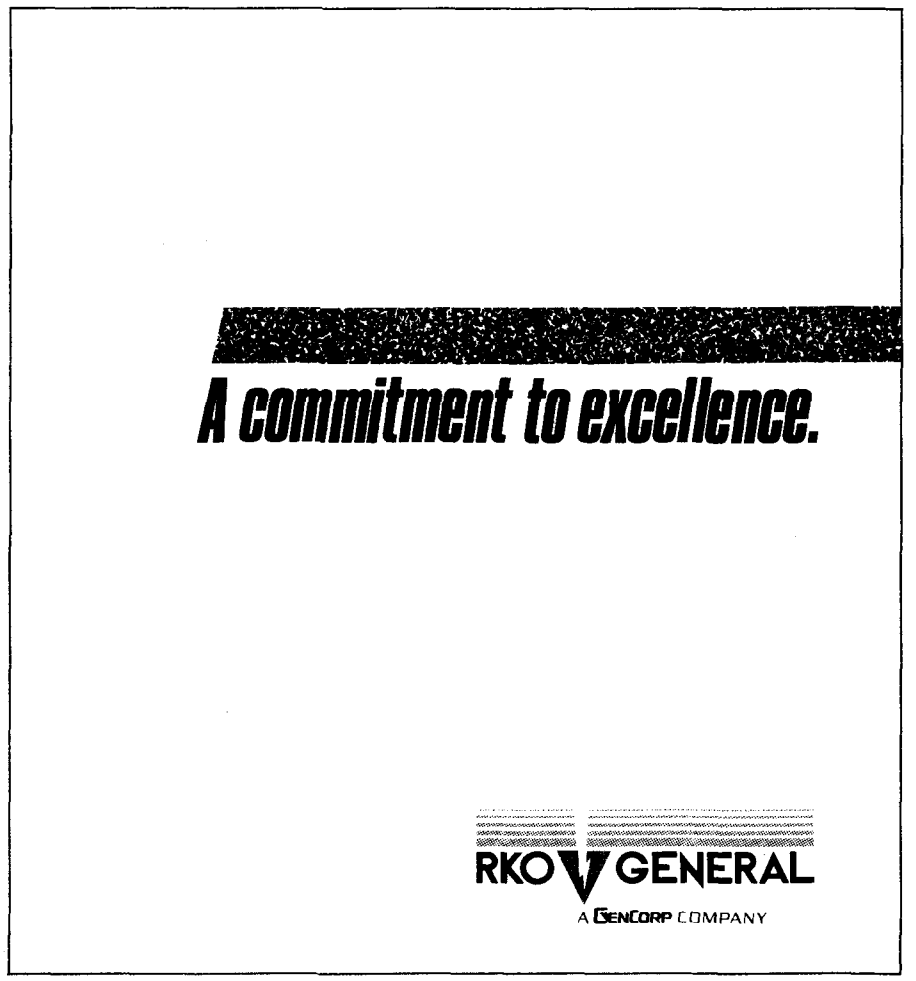
In the eyes of astuter politicians, Landgrebe's charitable services made little sense: How could a congressman devote himself to helping people (many of whom didn't even live in the Second District) when he should have been working at getting along with those who could get him re-elected? Why didn't he hire a staff that would get him a good press and then cover for him when his blunt opinions riled the smoothies? Didn't his blustery antics show he was alarmingly deficient in common sense? It didn't take long before word got out that Charlie Halleck, exalted past master of congressional arts and sciences, was shaking his grizzled head and muttering about the failings of that damned truck driver from Valpo.

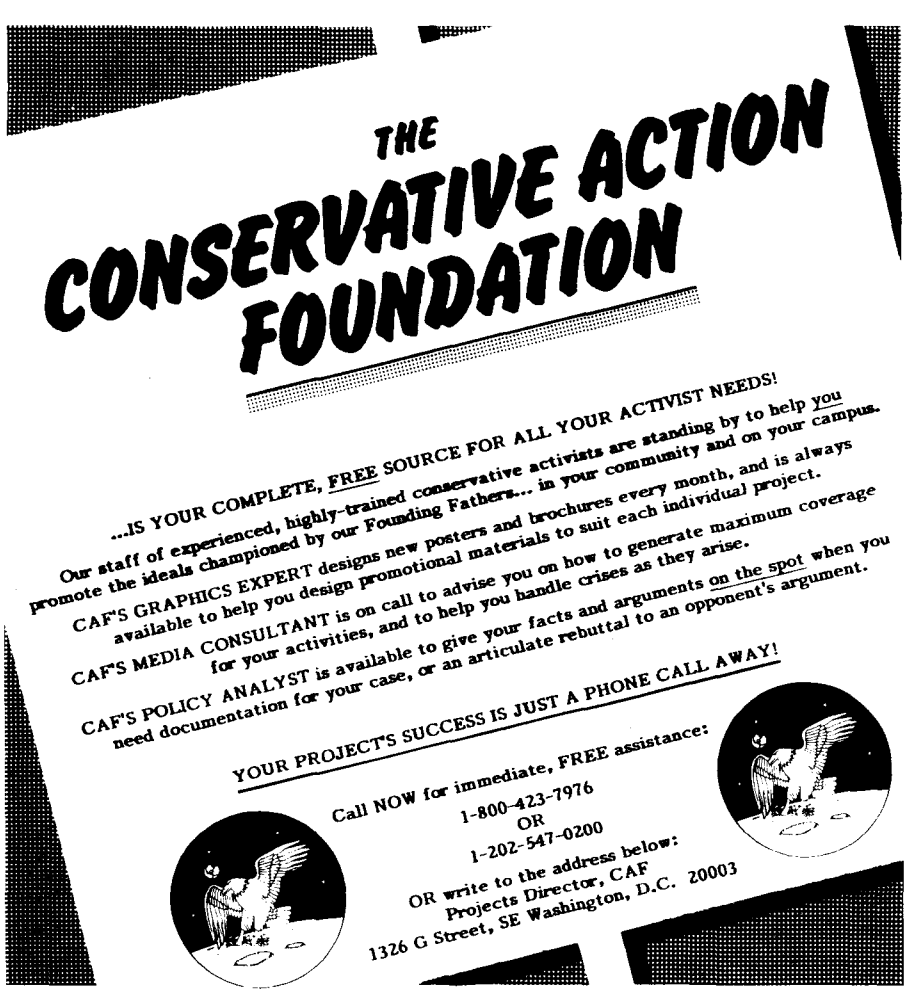
Of course, it was no time at all before Landgrebe was sent packing by the voters. After all, he had stood up for his President when that kind of courage was reviled as foolish stubbornness, when what he knew as loyalty to a wounded leader was scorned as bad judgment. The same held true for his unyielding support of those who fought in Vietnam and his determination to bring the war to a successful conclusion. Here again Landgrebe was held to be wrong-headed, a man from another time, out of place in a complex world intolerant of his fervent convictions. The man had simply failed to evolve. He had refused to adapt himself to the political circumstances of contemporary America. So he had to go, a victim of his own character.

The gripping question of what it takes to be a congressman is, of course, echoing throughout the land, nowhere more insistently than in Indiana's Eighth District. Already stringers for many of the planet's over-circulated papers are stalking the hilly terrain, lusting after cosmic insights. Intrepid correspondents, fitted out by whatever is left of Abercrombie and Fitch, will reveal that Rick McIntyre has a degree in architecture from the University of Colorado—surely a sign of un-Hoosier leanings—and that Congressman Frank McCloskey has acquired a taste for cajun cuisine at Bloomington's Uptown Cafe, a mark of creeping cosmopolitanism.

While McIntyre, the Republican challenger, is said to be doing nicely in the surveys of those who respond civilly to pollsters, the liveliest news is that a federal grand jury indicted eight Crawford County Democrats for vote fraud. Seven men and one woman allegedly conspired to buy eighteen votes in the 1984 general election, which Rep. McCloskey eventually won by four votes in a recount supervised by a U.S. House of Representatives subcommittee. Now this sort of thing is hardly unheard of in Crawford County, but it is seldom of enough interest to warrant serious attention beyond the county limits. Trafficking in votes has long been considered one of the county's more thriving businesses, outranking crawdadding, professional horseshoe pitching, and the settling of breach-of-promise suits.

U.S. Attorney John Tinder, who will prosecute the luckless eightsome, had the decency to allow a year of mourning for the late Seth Denbo, fabled Republican chairman of the Eighth District, before announcing the indictments. Dastards who opine this may be

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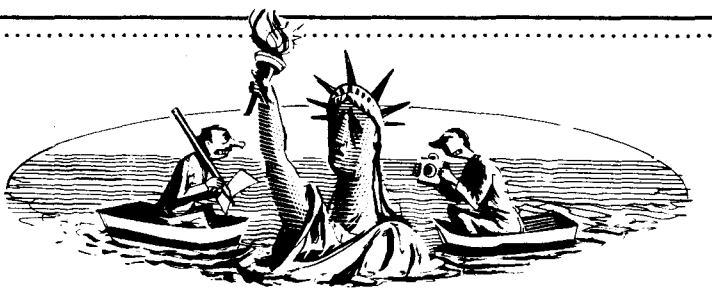
Seth's final revenge, "the old shade's last shady deal," are of scant help in explaining the situation. The Crawford countian's custom of determining the market value of his franchise has usually had a direct effect only on county commissioners, township trustees, and school board members. That it should have any impact on the outcome of a congressional election exceeds the ken of those who understand the importance of recreational corruption to a southern Indiana county with few advantages. Until now, that is.

Whether this challenge to free-enterprise balloting will tip the balance in November depends on the electorate's capacity for righteous indignation, which is ordinarily an indulgence of the enlightened middle class, a group not abundantly represented in the Eighth District. Still and all, it seems a momentous concern to many charged with satisfying the public's right to know. Seth Denbo would have enjoyed it all hugely. He believed the people ought to know something, but not all at once.

The preceding matters make for merely a random sample of how Indiana has dominated the news in recent months. Hoosier spies (Pollard and Pelton) for Israel and Russia, the Supreme Court's decision on the Republican party's right to gerrymander the General Assembly as well as its decision on the limits of federal authority in Bloomington's "Baby Doe" case, the valiant struggle of William Schroeder of Jasper and his artificial heart, the role of Senator Richard Lugar of Marion County and Admiral John Poindexter of Odon, the President's national security adviser, in keeping the world safe for democracy—all these tend to prove the existence of an international Hoosier conspiracy. Then, again, it just may be that one man's local angle is simply another man's neighboring saxon. □

PRESSWATCH



SILLY SEASON

by Michael Ledeen

Armando Valladares's book, *Against All Hope*,[1] has attracted a lot of attention here: Stephen Rosenfeld and Richard Cohen in the *Washington Post*, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Suzanne Garment in the *Wall Street Journal*, and others, have all been deeply moved by this account of a man who survived twenty-two horrible years as a political prisoner in Cuba. These reactions are commendable, as is the growing realization that Cuba is yet another country that solves its internal problems by resorting to the Gulag. Yet by all rights, the United States should have come to realize this many years ago.

Way back in 1979, a collection of Valladares's poems appeared in France (*Prisonnier de Castro*), with an introduction by Pierre Golendorf that exposed the horror of Castro's prisons at the same time it documented the remarkably favorable treatment accorded Castro by the French press during the 1978 Youth Festival in Havana. Jean-François Revel, at the time editor of *L' Express* in Paris, devoted an entire issue of the magazine to Cuba and wrote the lead editorial, entitled "Cuba: The End of the Myth."

That was seven years ago. And just as French political culture underwent an amazing transformation in those seven years—changing its ideological skin from *gauchiste* to center-right—it may very well be that we are in the midst of a similar change, at long last. We would do well to remember what Revel wrote in the September 1, 1979 issue of *L' Express*:

> The task of coldly judging Cuba has not been easy. Ten years were required before it was first suggested, towards 1970, that the economic failures were not solely the result of the American blockade, and that the Gulag of the Caribbean was proportionally comparable to that of its Soviet big brother and superior to those of the Latin American dictatorships of the right. It would be easy and cruel to remind some of their more inept dithyrambs written about the agricultural prowess of Cuba, its "direct democracy," and its support for human rights. . . .

Thus, people like Mary McCarthy should be embarrassed when she meets Valladares. (I am reliably informed that she exclaimed, "Why didn't we know all this?") It was known; she chose not to pay attention.

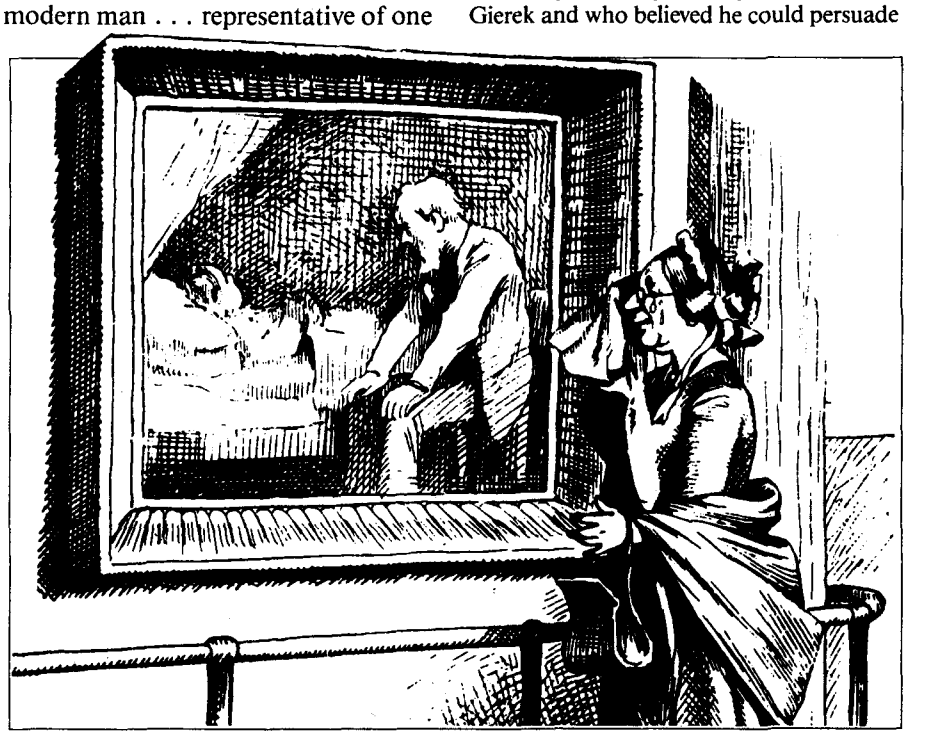
She was not alone, and the embarrassing thing is the tone of surprise in so many commentaries, as when the *Washington Post* tells us in an editorial that it is now okay to be anti-Castro. Perhaps there should be some form postcards printed up, saying, "Welcome to the real world." They could then be mailed out as our "investigative journalists" get dry behind the ears . . .

• • •

This month, in honor of the silly season in America, we leave our own media to their summer diversions (mass murder of judicial nominees, the ceaseless struggle against SDI, the lust for an arms control agreement, the demand for more and bigger summits) and turn to three outstanding articles in the foreign press. The first comes from *Le Monde*, in Paris, which is probably the most-improved foreign publication (the most-improved American newspaper is the *Washington Times*, which has become a nationally significant publication since Arnaud de Borchgrave took it over). On July 12, an editorial appeared on Mitterrand's trip to Moscow and his conversations with Gorbachev. The French president had been quite effusive in his comments about the Soviet dictator ("a modern man . . . representative of one of the world's largest peoples and fully aware of the realities of the present and the tasks of the future . . .") and about his desire for peace ("the emphasis that M. Gorbachev constantly places on détente is genuine").

Le Monde put the matter superbly:

> Of course one must make diplomatic allowances for such a tide of compliments. The Soviets gave the president a very good reception. . . . The fact remains that M. Mitterrand's remarks went far beyond due politeness and raise at least two questions.
>
> The first concerns the personal ties that a Western leader can establish with communist leaders. . . . Is it not illusory to believe that when an important decision has to be made such ties will be taken into account by the other side? M. Giscard d'Estaing—who genuinely admired M. Gierek and who believed he could persuade



Against All Hope: The Prison Memoirs of Armando Valladares. Alfred A. Knopf, $18.95.

Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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M. Brezhnev to alter his policy in Afghanistan—learned this harsh lesson. . . .

Is it realistic to proceed from the premise that M. Gorbachev's priority is the reform of the economy? . . . Should one not remember the failure of all economic reforms that have been proclaimed from time to time in the USSR? And are these failures not inherent in the nature and the functioning of Soviet institutions? Would it not be tantamount to political suicide in the USSR to give priority to competence and efficiency, thus leaving oneself open to accusations of "slackness toward imperialism"?

M. Gorbachev has nothing suicidal about him. His essential concern remains his continued stay in power; it would be astonishing if he had not long ago learned the lessons of Khrushchev's experience. The least that can be said is that the experience does not lend strength to the hopes shown by M. Mitterrand.

Are you listening, Mrs. Reagan?

The second outstanding article also comes from France, in the July 18 issue of *L' Express*. This is about Iran, written by an Iranian woman, Hélène Kafi, who after nine years of exile, sneaked back into the country under an assumed name and wrote a superb piece of reportage, "In the Country of the Big Lie." After telling amazing stories of corruption and decadence in the wealthier quarters of Tehran, Kafi describes the misery of the great mass of the population: "The Iran-Iraq war is everywhere present. More than a million victims. Hundreds of thousands of persons without shelter, mutilated, having escaped from a conflict that never ends, wandering from town to town to finally wash up in the capital." And what scenes she describes in Tehran! An endless flea market, with people selling everything from cigarettes (not in packages, but singly) to food coupons.

The court of last resort for these suffering masses is the Martyr's Foundation, in the streets around which one hears only "the laments of the widows and the orphans," and in front of the doors of which mothers abandon their children, hoping that someone will feed them. But this is nothing:

> The disinherited endure simultaneously social injustice and the terrifying Islamic justice. It is among their ranks that unfaithful women are stoned to death after a simple accusation, minor drug traffickers are executed, and petty criminals amputated according to the law of talion.

What does the future hold for this living nightmare? The legacy of Khomeini is described by Kafi's guide in terms of macabre humor: "In his testament, the Imam has left his white beard to the chief eunuch of the Califate (Rafsanjani, the Speaker of the Parliament), his right arm to the living martyr of the revolution (Khamenei, President of the Republic), his eyes to the little mole (Ahmed, his son), and Iran to Gorbachev, Thatcher and Reagan."

A minor masterpiece. Again, one can only ask, where are our investigative journalists? Why do we have no revelations about Syria, Libya, Iran, South Yemen, and the rest? Or must we wait another decade until we catch up with the understanding that the rest of the world is acquiring, as in the case of Cuba?

Finally, from the Italian Socialist publication *Mondoperaio* comes the best article on South Africa. Space being at a premium, I give you a couple of highlights:

> The very legitimacy of South Africa is openly challenged by the countries of the Communist Second World and those of the underdeveloped Third World. The First World of industrialized democracies, afflicted by post-colonial guilt complexes that make them *a priori* emotive allies of the blacks, is divided and uncertain, quite aside from the merits of the case. . . .
>
> Economic sanctions and disinvestment of the United States, the countries of the Commonwealth and of the Common Market have had as their result a drop in productivity. That is, in concrete terms: fewer houses and schools, fewer jobs for everyone, including the blacks. Paradoxically there is a process of resegregation along economic lines. One example is the tendency of employers to fire the politicized blacks, especially those in the trade unions (who earn higher wages) and replace them with white and "colored" workers. Thus in the townships, the black cities, unemployment is destined to climb higher. . . .
>
> The ANC does not condemn violence because it wants the radicalization of the political conflict. . . .
>
> In a poll in April, Botha's party . . . was in the minority compared to the parties of the right. . . . A right-wing coalition not only would mean an end to reform, but would reverse those already enacted. It would mean a return to the 1970s, or before.

And finally, the message to the West:

> In the very moment that Botha needs his greatest support from domestic public opinion (to carry out his reforms and abolish apartheid) he finds that his own legitimacy is under attack on an international level. Botha's program can only be carried out if there is public order, and this can be achieved only with prestige or with force. The support of the industrial democracies is lacking when it is desperately needed in order for the reforms to be carried out.

And that, dear friends, comes from the official publication of the Socialist party of Italy, written by Signor Ermanno Bruzzo. Let's hope that Senator Lugar reads Italian. □

"This 'Guide' sheds some sensible—and much needed—light on a hotly-debated topic. The authors provide a leakproof intellectual shield against the many myths associated with SDI."
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The Intelligent Layperson's Guide to "Star Wars"

In the few years since Ronald Reagan delivered his famous "Star Wars" speech, the idea of defense against nuclear attack has assumed a high profile in the national defense debate. As technologies, strategies, and costs are being examined under the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), scientists and politicians alike are vigorously arguing about the consequences of building defensive systems to deter nuclear war.

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HUNGARY'S OLD CERTAINTIES

by William McGurn

In their own countries, in the so-called Free World, how often have they used tanks against the working people and the unemployed, tear gas, weapons, bludgeons, hundreds and thousands of policemen, gendarmes, and soldiers against those who only ask for more bread? You can't open a single capitalist picture magazine without being confronted with sensational photos of such incidents. What wouldn't the Voice of America give to be able to cite just one example of tanks being used against the masses in a Socialist country, one example where it had been necessary to use tanks and arms the way it occurs every day in countries of the so-called Free World. . . .

—Hungarian Premier Mátyás Rákosi
February 29, 1952

Budapest

Is irony possible apart from history? We smile at the handsome groom waiting by the altar for his bride because we remember the little boy who announced that he hated girls. Today, thirty years to the month after Hungary's 1956 revolution, we smile at Comrade Rákosi's similarly misplaced self-confidence. Whatever Hungary's Party hacks might have believed about history's being determined in their favor, when the crunch came they put aside the dialectic for those more traditional tanks.

Even more of an irony, the apparatchik whom the Russians installed in Budapest to prevent any further unseemly attempts by the workers to lose their chains, János Kádár, is today hailed by the West as a "liberal." Presumably he merits this description for allowing such things as *Time* and *Newsweek* to enter his domain. Yet Ronald Reagan tolerates all these things and more and still no scribe dares refer to him as a liberal. And the President does not have Russian troops on his soil. Of course, the word is used relatively, but that gets back to the nub: Are there no certainties even in our vocabulary? Do we no longer have any common principles by which we may make political assessments?

William McGurn is deputy editorial page editor of the Wall Street Journal/Europe *and a European editor of* The American Spectator.

A recent visit here suggests that Mr. Kádár's liberalism might not hold up under such a test. The first sign was not long in coming. At Budapest's Ferihegy Airport customs officer 0702 squealed with delight upon discovering two books—Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty's *Memoirs* and Melvin J. Lasky's *The Hungarian Revolution*—in my luggage. Prior to my visit, assurances had been given that anything except pornography was okay, but officer 0702 evidently hadn't been told. After a bit of nastiness over my refusal to sign a document I couldn't read, I signed a form acknowledging in English that two books had been confiscated.

The Hilton Hotel on Buda's Castle Hill compensated for much of the initial unpleasantness: set high above the Danube next to the church where Hungarian kings have been crowned, the Hilton is a triumph of modern architecture (not to mention of Western funding), incorporating the ruins of a thirteenth-century Dominican monastery and a fifteenth-century Jesuit college. Indeed, the Hilton is but a symptom of an East European–wide phenomenon of Communist rulers turning their countries into vast living museums, in an endless pursuit of the legitimacy they will never have. This reverses their initial efforts to root out, brutally if it came to that, all those aspects of their societies that did not fit into the master plan; Cardinal Mindszenty did not spend fifteen years holed up in the American embassy for nothing. It was only when the future turned out to have a few bugs in it that the government started to focus on the glories of the past.

The upshot is an incessant effort on the part of these regimes to co-opt the better parts of their own societies. In Warsaw the authorities have spent huge sums to rebuild the Old City exactly as it was before being destroyed in World War II; in East Berlin they have even resurrected an old statue of Prussia's Frederick the Great on the Unter den Linden. In Budapest the painstakingly literal restoration of the entire Castle Hill area, including the Royal Palace, has restored what is perhaps Europe's most beautiful skyline. For a people who profess to be on the side of history the regime's leaders are a bit eager to ensure that they are its only interpreters. Even the Crown of St. Stephen—which Jimmy Carter gave back in 1978—is exhibited with somber reverence, a curious collectivist genuflection before the imperial regalia of a nationalist saint/king.

Not all the city is as wonderful as life in the Hilton, of course. A descent down the hills of Buda and over the chain bridge into Pest is evidence enough of that. Primarily it reveals a city composed of handsome old buildings in various states of disrepair. Further inspection of the city's little byways confirmed an early suspicion: the more one moved away from the tourist areas and attractions the stronger the odor of decay. The dominant impression is of a militant shabbiness, rather what London would look like if Labour were ever to get back into office.

Thirty years after the revolution and this shabbiness is hailed as an achievement (relatively speaking, it is). More to the point, thirty years after the revolution and the very word is still taboo; no books, research, plays, films, or poems may be published on the subject. For Hungarian authorities today are as bewildered on the issue as Prime Minister Andras Hegedus was that October 23 when he peered out his office window and thought to himself: "The people are coming!" Ten days later he put his name to the document that called in the Soviet troops. Now he has published his memoirs (in the West) and talks to reporters. Meanwhile, in Section 301 of Pest Lorinc cemetery, those who were hanged for their participation in the rebellion lie buried, their graves unmarked and untended. Here too somewhere lies Imre Nagy, the prime minister who declared Hungary's neutrality just days before the Russian tanks rolled in.

Section 301 is a far corner of this cemetery, and, as with the problems of Hungary at large, it is not hard for the determined optimist to overlook it. In part this explains the attraction Hungary still has to foreign intellectuals. There is first the pull of socialism itself; prices here are dirt cheap and no one appears to be starving. No use explaining to the Westerner that prices mean something completely different on a Hungarian wage, or even that the problem is not price but supply. Nor is it of use to point out that the decent-enough suit on that fellow's back is probably the fellow's only one. In his brain the Westerner knows all these things. But in a confirmation of Pascal's observation his heart reasons that, well, the man doesn't really *need* another suit. Such a small price to pay for socialism, nothing horrid like the Gulag.

Just how far the determination to see the bright side of Hungary can go—Communism with a capitalist face—was vividly illustrated by *Time* magazine in its recent glossy cover story on the one-time "butcher of Budapest," the "beloved" Mr. Kádár. It was the Hungarian leader's first interview with an American news organization in more than two decades, and the *Time* editors say they were impressed. They must have been, because the Kádár that emerges from their portrait is a warm, sensitive soul, a veritable man of the

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people. "If free elections were held tomorrow," gushes *Time*, "the 74-year-old Kádár would win by virtual acclamation." Of course, nasty little things like his executions and imprisonments are mentioned, but this sour note lies buried in the text, hidden to all but the most attentive reader—much as the bodies of General Secretary Kádár's victims lie hidden in Section 301.

Far more telling than the appeal of "goulash Communism" are its ancillary, aesthetic considerations. Say what you will, socialism puts a brake on the capitalist dynamo of change that makes so many uncomfortable. Whereas even Paris's Champs Elysées now boasts a monstrous glittering Burger King, Hungary retains the (faded) dignity of the late nineteenth century. True, it does have its own fast food chain, City Burger, whose dubious offerings are apparently enough to appease the public taste for such things. But they are few and low-key. No golden arches here.

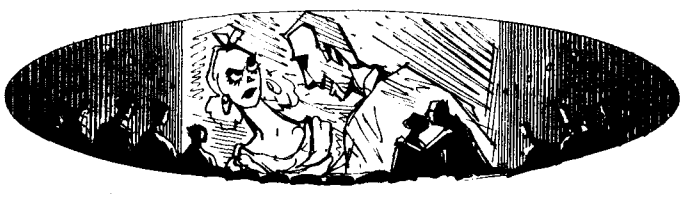
Even religion has been made palatable, once the government decided a little opium might be just the thing for a discontented populace. During my brief stay a black flag was hung from Matthias Church to signify the death of the cardinal-primate who succeeded Mindszenty, Laszlo Lekai. In sharp contrast to the defiance of Mindszenty and the crafty maneuverings of the Polish Church, the Hungarian Church under Cardinal Lekai was compromised and stripped of its animating spirit. So today there is no need for distasteful persecution of the hierarchy, because it has been given the perfect status for intellectuals: ceremony without substance, like the pomp surrounding Sarah Ferguson's wedding to Prince Andrew.

Finally there is the appeal of the people themselves. In a totalitarian society even the innocent cannot avoid acquiring a revolutionary consciousness. Ordinary observations about day-to-day life are fraught with political significance. No wonder academics find it so enchanting; it makes the entire country into a campus. Even the attitude of the rulers toward their charges smacks of the paternalism of the university motto, *in loco parentis*.

So placid is present-day Hungary that the gradual-reform-through-trade theory is undeniably tempting. Far from the recalcitrant oppressed who in 1956 tore down the gigantic statue of Joseph Stalin on Heroes Square and dragged it through the streets of Pest, today's Hungarians are freer and more prosperous than most of their Eastern-bloc neighbors. In the Budapest Hilton, there is even a casino (foreign currency only, of course), blackjack tables set up in the stone tower of the old Dominican abbey. Although the brochures depict sultry Hungarian maidens, most of those in attendance the Saturday evening I entered appeared to be middle-aged German men, losing quite a lot of money. For my part, I managed to walk away with 175 Deutsche marks on a token bet.

Definitely not the Gulag image. Yet for all the talk about the withering away of Marxist rule, East European Party leaders have proved themselves remarkably resilient. Largely this is because people everywhere, including Marxists, return to the old certainties in times of crisis. In 1956 this meant Russian troops. Today on the anniversary of that revolution, the old certainties still remain—all 70,000 of them. □

THE TALKIES



A GREAT WALL

by Bruce Bawer

As its title suggests, *A Great Wall* is a study in barriers—specifically, the cultural barriers between two branches of a family. One branch consists of a highly successful San Francisco computer exec, Leo Fang (played by the film's director and co-writer, Peter Wang), his wife Grace (Sharon Iwai), and their college-age son Paul (Kelvin Han Yee); the other consists of Leo's sister (Shen Guanglan) in Peking, her husband Chao (Hu Xiaoguang), a retired government official, and their teenage daughter Lili (Li Qinqin). The episodic story concerns a summer vacation during which the Fangs visit the Chaos in Peking (where most of the film was actually shot, with real Red Chinese actors playing the natives). During their time together, the two families observe, bewilder, amuse, and learn from each other, and eventually part to resume their separate (but somewhat altered) lives in their different worlds.

In a way, the film's title is misleading; for to compare the cultural barriers between the Fangs and Chaos to the Great Wall of China is, I think, to prepare the viewer for a somewhat more pessimistic film than Wang (along with co-screenwriter Shirley Sun) has created. This is, indeed, a film not of prodigious divisions or colossal confrontations between cultures but of fine distinctions between two families' attitudes, customs, and standards of living. To be sure, there is the occasional mild animadversion. When Leo tells his sister, for example, that he has quit his position after a disagreement with his boss (he believes he was refused a promotion because he's a "Chinaman"), the sister insists he has acted unwisely: "Never disagree with your leader." Paul's high-fashion American togs likewise provoke reproach from his Chinese kin: the boy's Calvin Klein trousers look to Chao like "work pants," his expensive jacket like a piece of "burlap sacking with patches."

Politics are never explicitly mentioned. That the Chao family is living under Communism is not so much of an issue here as one might expect, and in fact we are reminded of this circumstance only occasionally, and with Oriental indirectness. For example, when Lili bicycles past the Great Hall of the People, we briefly see the portraits of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Mao; when Leo and his sister visit their father's shabby grave, Mrs. Chao refers obliquely to the Cultural Revolution: "Father passed away the year the chaos began. We couldn't give him a proper burial." And when a handsome boy named Liu (charismatically played by one Wang Xio) falls for Lili, he attempts (in one of the film's more charming sequences) to woo her by reciting the Gettysburg Address in a fractured but exuberant English.

The latter sort of sequence—a simple, realistic vignette that is plainly and lovingly observed—is the sort at which Wang excels. The film's strength, accordingly, resides largely in its convincing glimpses of the Chinese way of life. Wang takes us into a variety of settings: Lili's English class; a public bathhouse and a school for fashion models, both of which Liu visits in search of work; a gym where children, ranged in military rows, practice their ping-pong serves; a community center where old folks and youngsters alike sit glued to a TV screen, watching an opera performance; a small auditorium where a woman warbles a traditional Chinese melody about the Han Dynasty. Interesting touches abound. There is a view of the Chinese class system in operation—the principal obstacle to the romance between Lili (daughter of a retired Party man) and Liu (who lives in a "junkyard" with his scholar father) seems to be that they are from different social levels. And Wang devotes plenty of attention to the Chinese young people's preoccupation with things Western, especially American: They sing American popular songs and Italian arias; they drink Coke, though the taste makes them grimace; and they attend nightclubs where the dance music consists of extremely lame disco versions of "Oh Susannah" and "The Merry Widow Waltz." Some of the young Chinese even behave like Americans. When, near the beginning of the movie, Liu and his friend Yu greet Lili and her friend Jan in the street, Lili is surprised at Jan's encouragement of their fresh advances. "Why are you saying hi to strangers?" she berates Jan. "You're no American."

Despite this rebuke, however, it is Lili, more than anyone else, whose head is turned by her American relatives. Under the influence of her cousin Paul, she chides her mother for open-

Bruce Bawer, a frequent contributor to the New Criterion, *is* The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

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ing her mail, arguing that it's an invasion of her "privacy." (Lili uses the English word because, according to the film, there is no Chinese equivalent.) So fascinated is Lili by Paul that she begins to neglect not only her new admirer, Liu, but her studies ("Since your brother came," Mr. Chao complains to his wife, "I haven't seen Lili open a book") and instead dances around the house in American T-shirts, listening to tapes of rock music. She is supposed to be preparing for the all-important college entrance exam—as in Japan, only the very highest scorers will enter college—but Paul's genial indifference to such matters has infected her.

It should be mentioned here that, in a manifest attempt to contrast studious Chinese and frivolous American youth, Wang gives us, in Paul, an almost unbelievably pinheaded California rich kid—a stereotype of the party-all-the-time West Coast mentality. Paul is aggressively American; in the San Francisco sequence near the beginning of the film, he refuses to attend his Chinese I class and, when Leo scolds him for thus "deny[ing] his cultural background" (as well as for having a Caucasian girl friend), Paul counters that "all Chinese [i.e., Chinese-American] parents are racists. . . . Why do we have to do everything the Chinese way? It doesn't get you anywhere." On arriving in Peking, this spoiled boy is amazed to discover that his aunt's house has squat toilets and no shower bath, and he spends most of the remainder of his on-screen time doing typically American things that astonish his Chinese relatives (e.g., he affectionately smacks his father in the head) and reacting with naive amusement to Chinese mores. Sometimes, to be sure, his reactions are entertaining, but more often than not they make him seem more vacuous than is humanly possible. One cannot help but think that the film would have been more interesting and believable—and the contrast between him and his Chinese counterparts just as effective—had Wang given us a Paul who was intelligent and ambitious but who had made a career choice (to be a jazz musician, say) that for a student in Peking would be all but unthinkable.

Unsurprisingly, it is Paul who is at the center of the film's most dubious subplot. When Lili tells him that she plays table tennis, he boasts, "Hey, that's my sport," and our expectation is that she is going to beat the pants off him. But in fact Paul does very well, not only against her but against the best players the city has to offer—so well, in fact, that by the end of the summer (and the film) he makes it to the finals of the Beijing International Youth Ping Pong Tournament, where, before a large, anxious crowd, he vies for the championship with—who else?—Liu, his rival for Lili's attentions. This *Karate Kid*-type sequence is not only logically inexplicable (what is Paul Fang, who came to China with his folks for vacation, suddenly doing in an international sports competition?) but tonally inconsistent with the rest of the movie; it's precisely the sort of thing that gifted directors stick into their films in order to appease fatuous studio executives.

A Great Wall is, then, uneven. Aside from the ping pong tournament, there is a medical emergency sequence that seems gratuitous. And certain characters—Grace Fang, for example—never do develop as fully as one might like. Yet on the whole this is an admirable piece of work—modest, sensitive, and perceptive. Rather than indulge (as one might have expected, given the current state of the celluloid marketplace) in facile, grandiose, and politically modish statements about the Walls Between Societies, Wang has quite remarkably created a film about *people*, a film lovingly attentive to its characters' every gesture, mood, peccadillo, and habit—a film, in short, vibrant with humanity. □

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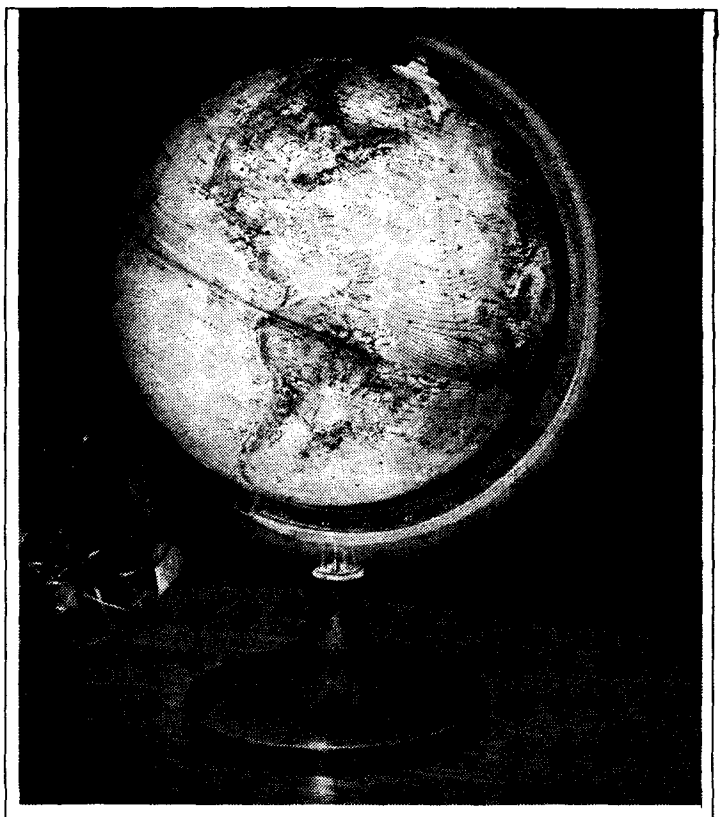

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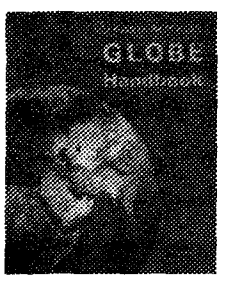

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EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

TO SPY FOR POLAND

by Thomas Swick

High among the annoyances of living as a foreigner in Poland is the process of getting the permission to do so. When your visa expires and you wish to renew it (because you have found the charm of the country exceeds, or in fact sometimes is, the bother) you must report to an imposing bureau of unsmiling functionaries who hold in their flabby, print-stained hands your fate.

Thomas Swick is a writer living in Philadelphia.

When I first went to Poland in the late 1970s, the visa office was located on the first floor of a solemn building on Warsaw's well-named Raven Street. Visits there always made me queasy. The waiting area, dimly lit and windowless, was surrounded by numbered offices out of which tie-less clerks would regularly emerge, lock the doors behind them, and then bustle down the corridor carrying forms or decks of shuffled passports. The few chairs were usually all taken by Arab men stymied by questionnaires (the model ones in English and French were most of the time in use) and assisted by gum-cracking blondes. On the wall hung not picturesque travel posters nor even more understandable socialist slogans, but blanched advertisements for "Western" goods sold in Warsaw's dollar shops. Cinzano and Sony.

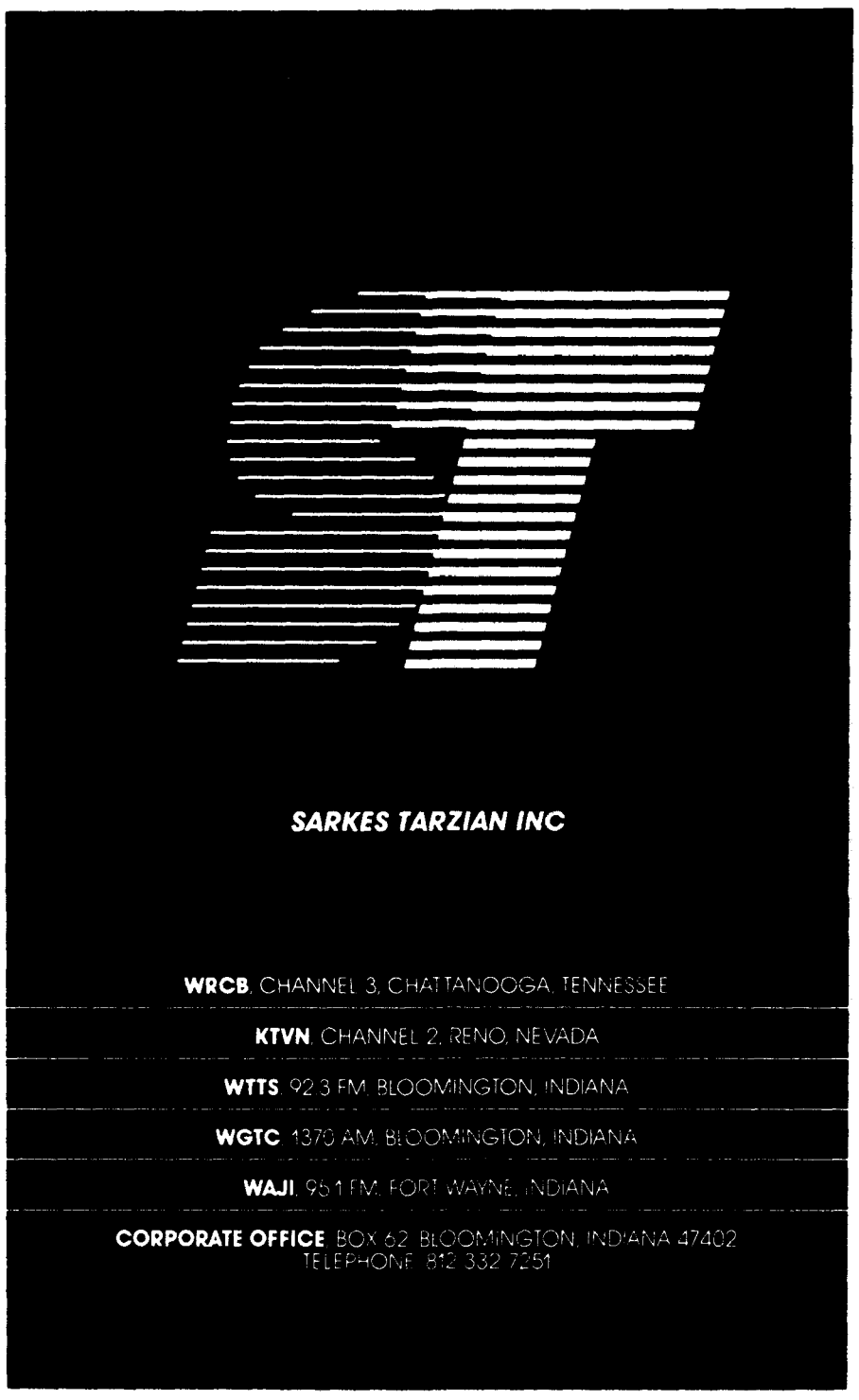
To get admitted to an office you had to barge in while it was occupied (to show your face) and then return with a platoon when it was vacated. The wait could take hours; the interview fruitless minutes. ("You don't have the 2-S form. You have to get it from the Ministry of Education. We don't do anything for you until you show us that.") I began looking on these sessions as part of a vast screening process to keep out those who were not fully dedicated to living in Poland. This idea seemed all the more real to me when, on my third request for a visa—after living and working for six months in the country—I received an offer to become a spy.

My visa was to expire the first week of February, during the semester break at the school where I was teaching. Despite the incipient close of Gierek's period of prosperity (1979 had just begun and the what seemed to me already poor food supplies were getting poorer) and the relentlessness of Poland's worst winter in a century, I wished to stay. I was enjoying my work—teaching English to high-spirited Polish teenagers—and had a contract until the summer when, it had then been made known, Karol Wojtyla would make his first trip back to his homeland since becoming Pope. Also, my fiancée, Hania, was still attending Warsaw University.

Hania accompanied me each time to Raven Street—we began our visits at the end of January—to work on my behalf as interpreter. After six months my Polish was still execrable—another reason for my desire to stay. On our first two visits we had no marked success other than, I like to hope, shortening the career of the clerk assigned to my case. He was a pale, stocky man in his thirties, with a thick moustache and a prematurely grievous voice. He would retreat from his office, fumbling with a prodigious batch of keys, when his eyes would meet ours gazing expectantly back at him, and he would make off in a languid huff. Once in another part of the city we stood on a traffic island and, looking into the back seat of a taxi waiting at the light, saw our man—scrunched with his briefcase set atop his knees, his eyes turned up at us nonplussed. I remember wondering if this phenomenon of omnipresence found us in his dreams as well.

We went back a third time to Raven Street—after being refused both a visa and a reason why—because it is customary in Poland to apply repeatedly for such formalities regardless of the firmness of the first rejections. With the arbitrariness of decision-making, it becomes a sort of lottery in which the participants invest not money but time. Like food lines, such bureaucracy keeps the masses occupied. It also alters their way of thinking. I was no longer convinced that there was not a single reason why the authorities should deny me a visa: I thought that if by some slim chance they did not find me unworthy, I should be eternally grateful.

This time after the requisite wait, we were approached by our man, looking timorous, who told me to come along alone with him: Hania should wait. He preceded me up some concrete stairs to the second floor—where I had never been before—and down an empty corridor. I noticed that some of the doors we passed were padded. About halfway down the hall he opened one of them, led me inside, and departed.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The room was empty save for two chairs, a desk, and a large man who sat behind it. He was leaned back heavily in his seat, his clothing ill-matched and disrupted—even the enormous tie—by his outspread stomach. His face, though the color of clay, coruscated with a silver bicuspid on either side.

The desk held nothing atop it save a soft green telephone.

He asked me to sit down and proceeded to go through the file our man had handed him. In poor English, he recounted aloud my recent past, noting that I had been a journalist in the States, that here in Warsaw I was teaching English, finally, that I wanted a visa to stay. I agreed.

"Well," he said. "If you help us, we can help you."

The enormity of the statement struck me immediately. For I don't know how long I sat dumbfounded. The thought occurred to me—as it has with this intensity only one or two other times in my life—that what I was experiencing happens only in movies. To make certain that I had not misunderstood, I asked him, naively, to elucidate.

"You are a foreigner," he said, pronouncing the *g* as in "ginger" with the *n* before it. "You have contacts with many people. You have contacts at work with Poles, and you have contacts with other foreindzers. You make notes, you come to us once a week, and you tell us what people saying."

It would be nice to report that I responded sarcastically, or full of moral indignation. I said: "I only want to teach."

He repeated the offer and the job description, which, admittedly, made it seem easy enough. He did not try to coerce me into accepting, though he would occasionally add encouragements.

"You should be used to this sort of work," he said smiling, and flashing his silver. "You're a journalist. It's very like what journalists do—you gather information and then you report it." Once, when I must have looked especially taken aback, he said: "Of course, every country does this sort of thing. It's nothing unusual. Yours does it."

"But that doesn't make it right," my mother would have told him. I said: "It doesn't interest me. I only want to teach," a statement that, coming from someone who had begun his career as an instructor only six months before, was beginning to sound hollow.

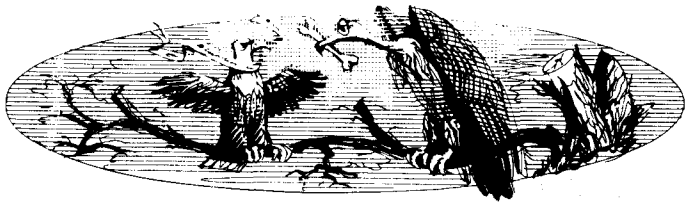
We spent minutes looking at each other in silence across the empty desk. Then he would repeat his proposal, and I my refusal. At one point, undefeated, he said: "Of course if you accept you must promise two things, One, that everything you telling us is the truth. And two, that that little friend of yours know nothing about this."

What if I made a scene, I mused, or stalked out with a stinging epithet (the movies again). I was unsure how conversations such as this one were ended. Some Polish friends had told me of similar interviews when applying for passports abroad, and I wondered how they had acted. I sat quietly, knowing that my departure from Poland was decided, and feeling in a strange way flattered.

"Well," he said at last, putting his hands resignedly on his desk, alluding—I supposed—to the phantom paperwork, "if that's your answer, then there is not anything we can do for you."

As I had not accepted the offer, I felt free to tell anyone. Hania followed me silently out of the building—she told people later that I looked as if I had just seen a ghost—for I feared confessing while still inside its walls. In fact, I think I waited until it was out of sight. The event was not nearly as fantastic to her, being Polish, as it was to me: she asked jokingly what the starting salary was. In my final days in Warsaw, my Polish friends greeted the story with comparable sangfroid, expressing puzzlement at only two facets of it. First was amazement that with people bitching and speaking out in food lines daily the government should need special envoys to learn their thoughts. Second was surprise that they would try to recruit a foreign journalist, someone who they knew could upon returning home make the deed public—as, here, I finally have. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



SUMMER GUESTS

by Donald K. Emmerson

Madison, Wisconsin

Madison has been unusually busy this summer welcoming Soviets, showing them around, and getting in touch with the USSR. In June we played host to a delegation led by the Soviet TV and radio personality Vladimir Posner. In July a local teacher arranged for his middle-school pupils to talk with Soviet counterparts on a Madison-to-Moscow conference call. Thirteen more Soviets arrived in August, fresh from a "peace cruise" down the Mississippi River.

Of all our Soviet guests, the most memorable was Posner. Many of us had already seen him perform on television as a guest of Phil Donahue, Ted Koppel, Robert Novak, or Larry King. From Moscow's standpoint, his visit here was a public relations bonanza. In only two days with us, he received more than five hours of time on local radio or TV. Never had we met a Soviet who looked, acted, and sounded more like ourselves. So much for those dour men in dark suits reviewing weapons on Red Square. Posner wore upscale Western clothes, spoke flawless English, smiled frequently, and made statements about Soviet policy that we did not expect to hear. Although what he told us was of course in no sense anti-Soviet, Posner's artful departures from the party line surprised us. Whatever our views, we enjoyed the performance.

The American persona of Vladimir Posner dates from 1940, when at the age of six he and his wealthy Russian parents fled Nazi-occupied France for Manhattan. Posner remembered the family's Fifth Avenue apartment as "swanky" and the schools he went to as "posh and progressive." He had his own paper route and developed a lifelong liking for peanut butter. By the time the family moved to Berlin in 1948, where Posner acquired Soviet citizenship, his American accent and tastes were well established.

It took Soviet authorities thirty-eight years to realize Posner's value as an emissary to the U.S. That they finally allowed him in 1986 to revisit his previous homeland reflects Mikhail Gorbachev's interest in using Western public relations techniques more effectively. It may also have taken that long for the Kremlin to reassure itself that a man with an American childhood would not defect. (Nevertheless, in keeping with standard Soviet precautions, while Posner was in Madison his wife and child stayed in Moscow.)

In his many appearances around town Posner diverged repeatedly from Soviet policies. Exit visas should be granted, he told us, to "anyone who wants to leave" the Soviet Union. His government's jamming of Western radio broadcasts was "counterproductive." "Private incentives" were needed to speed the lagging Soviet economy. On the delay in acknowledging Chernobyl, Posner admitted that "in my country, the bureaucratic element prefers to stonewall" before letting people know about important events.

In Madison, this was headline news: "Top Soviet Commentator Backs Open Emigration" . . . "Soviet Commentator Rips Radio Jamming" . . . "Soviet Doesn't Always Toe the Party Line" . . . "Posner Doesn't Fit Soviet Mold." Another headline concluded: "Soviet a Hit with Most in Madison," and he was.

Posner put us at ease. We even felt free to kid him about how independent-minded he seemed to be. Before an overflow crowd at one dinner for him, the American master of ceremonies gave Posner a favorite local bumper sticker for emergency use, should his candor in Madison get him canned in Moscow. The sticker read:

Donald K. Emmerson, a professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, has written on Soviet affairs for the Christian Science Monitor.

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ESCAPE TO WISCONSIN. The audience roared. Posner smiled. Presented with a golf tee in hopes that he would popularize the game in his country, Posner quipped, "This may be the beginning of a revolution." We enjoyed the sound of a true-red Soviet Communist bantering so casually about the possibility of a *second* revolution in the USSR.

Jokingly, one of us advised Posner to defect: "If you come over here, you could make a million dollars!" "I'd rather make a million friends," Posner replied. That could have seemed a hackneyed plug for socialist fraternity over capitalist greed. So Posner added a punch line that appealed to the affable capitalist hustler inside many of us: "If I had a million friends, I could ask each one for a dollar and get it both ways!"

Occasionally, Posner showed his darker side. Outside the restaurant where he was scheduled to speak, several Americans stood quietly with placards pleading the case of Soviet Jews. Inside, I asked Posner privately what he thought of the protesters. "Did they get ten bucks for coming?" he sneered. Later, when a man inquired about Soviet dissidents, mentioning names, Posner wondered why his questioner should be so well informed—had he perhaps been in touch with the CIA?

Subtler than such ad hominem remarks was Posner's knack of making the form of what he had to say so reasonable that his listeners, he hoped, would be tempted to accept its otherwise outrageous content. When someone said to Posner that Andrei Sakharov should not have been exiled to Gorky for criticizing the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Posner in his most sincere tone of voice denied that Sakharov had been sent to Gorky for that reason. Sakharov was there because he had repeatedly appealed to "a foreign country" (the United States) to "use pressure" against the Soviet Union. Gorky being off limits to foreigners, American journalists could no longer reach Sakharov to report his views. Didn't the patriotic citizens of the USSR have the right to protect their country?

Whenever pressed, Posner defended his government. But he concentrated on projecting himself as an individual. By impressing us with his candor, he hoped to improve the image of the Soviet Union. Yet for some, what made his outspoken style attractive was its uniqueness, which depended on being reminded of Soviet speech controls. For others, the more "like one of us" he looked and sounded, the less it mattered where he came from, and that too limited his success as a Soviet representative. His jokes and flourishes reminded me at times of one of those superclever TV ads in which the product is upstaged by the pizazz.

At summer's end another thirteen Soviets arrived, part of a group of fifty-three who had completed a "peace cruise" down the Mississippi River. With some 130 Americans aboard the paddle-wheeler *Delta Queen*, the Soviets had floated from St. Paul to St. Louis, stopping to spread their message in towns along the way.

In Madison, at the picnic given for the delegation by our Society for American-Soviet Friendship, it rained. But spirits were not dampened. At one point I came across one of the visitors being engaged in conversation—button-holed, really—by a local lady. Russia, she had heard, had a problem with alcoholism. Well, she understood that; she too had such a problem. Had they thought of establishing a Russian chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous? Being herself a member, she thought it could help them. Trying to ignore the rain that drizzled down on the three of us, the Soviet took a decorous sip from his Bud Light and allowed as how, well, who knew, perhaps "an Anonymous" in his country *would* be a good idea.

Earlier in the day, the same Russian had been stumped on a local radio talk show. A caller wanted to know whether a decision by the Politburo could be vetoed. Prolonged silence ensued. Finally came the hesitant reply that, well, the Party Congress could disapprove what the Politburo had decided. How much quicker and slicker Posner's answer would have been!

The larger delegation seemed less comfortable with their surroundings than Posner, and a shade more defensive about the USSR. These differences showed when they visited one of Madison's pizzerias. They enjoyed the food, which the restaurant had decided to provide free of charge, furthering Soviet-U.S. cooperation while enhancing its own commercial reputation. But at the end of the lunch, one Soviet could not resist remarking sarcastically to the pizzeria manager, "I'm sure you got the publicity you wanted!"—as if the Soviets had done the establishment a favor by eating there. (The name of the restaurant was in fact later mentioned by a local paper in a story headlined, " 'Cozy' Madison Impresses Soviets," accompanied by a photograph of four Soviets waving their soft drinks and beaming around the remains of the meal.) Another delegate informed us that there were, after all, pizza parlors all over the Soviet Union. These were lapses that Pozner would have known to avoid.

Interestingly, when the subject of Posner arose, the larger delegation did not praise him. While the Soviet government appears to have funded their travel in the U.S., Posner's was covered by U.S. sources, including ABC television and local hosts. Perhaps the Delta Queeners regarded him as somehow less official than they, hence less reputable. In Madison's eyes, Posner was a tough act to follow, and that may have rankled. Or perhaps, on a deeper level, they were unsure of a man who had grown up in the West.

Of the thirteen riverboat Soviets, four were listed as "journalists." Back in the USSR, they could be expected to write at length about their "cruise for peace" through middle America, contrasting the friendly Americans who had boarded the *Delta Queen* with the bellicose Reagan Administration isolated in Washington. But one of the journalists, I learned, would write a *humorous* book about the experience. He was Vladimir Nadein of *Izvestia*.

Intrigued, I asked Nadein to give an example of an amusing incident from his days on the Mississippi. He was glad to. Imagine, he said. It's three in the morning. I'm in my cabin trying to sleep—exhausted from meeting so many friendly Americans crowding the banks of the river, from shaking so many hands, from having to speak English all the time. There's a knock on the door. It's an American friend, telling me there are still more people outside who want to meet me. All you need to do, my friend says, is to thank them for coming down to the river to see you. I can't, I say; I'm too tired. But you must, says my friend; just tell them thanks! So I do.

End of anecdote. Not exactly hilarious. But later, at the picnic, when his turn came, Nadein stepped to the microphone and said, "I will tell you a joyful thing and a sad thing. The joyful thing is that I love all of you. The sad thing is that in my country I'm a humor writer."

Now *that* was a quip worthy of Vladimir Posner himself. □

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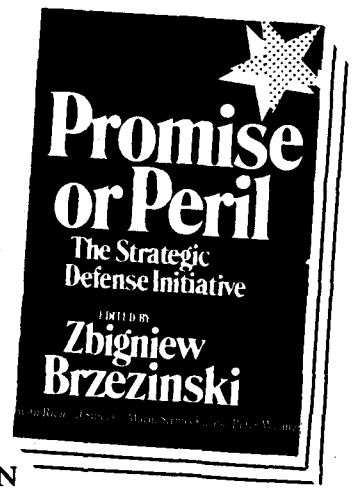

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TRUMAN
Roy Jenkins/Harper & Row/$17.95

Richard Brookhiser

Roy Jenkins was for many years a stalwart of the British Labour party, until its increasing radicalism, primarily on foreign policy, led him and other disenchanted Labourites to form the Social Democratic party. *Truman* is Jenkins's homage to the creator of the foreign policy to which he remains loyal, and against which his former party rebelled.

Truman neither breaks ground, nor crackles with insights. It is a competent digest of secondary sources. Readers interested in specific aspects of Truman's life and career—in his character, say, or in postwar diplomatic history—will be better off consulting the originals: *Dear Bess*, Robert Ferrell's collection of Truman's letters to his wife; or Dean Acheson's *Present at the Creation.*

Jenkins rises above the ho-hum because of his style. Stylistically, biographies of recent American politicians are pretty sad stuff, ranging from the okay (Lou Cannon's *Reagan*) down to the barbarous—I have an author in mind, but since I'm sure there are others even more illiterate, it would be unfair to single him out. Jenkins is a cut above the common run. Truman, he writes, was "the most devoted husband in American presidential history. Not only did he 'not look at another woman': he was deeply embarrassed if they looked at him, which they mostly did not."

What comes across best are the details of Truman's background and milieu, the whiffs of the Midwest. Truman stood out in some respects. His family was gentry—"certainly upper middle class," in Margaret's view. Truman was a heavy reader, and a lonely one: he fell into a lifelong habit of mispronouncing words he knew only from the page.

But for the most part, he fit in, as snugly as a key in a lock. Truman belonged to the Kansas City Automobile Club, the National Trails Association, and the Masons. He briefly considered joining the Ku Klux Klan, but drew back because many of the soldiers in the artillery battery he had commanded in the First World War were Catholics. "Army reunion companionship," says Jenkins, "was exactly to his taste." He married his Sunday school sweetheart; whenever they were separated, he wrote her daily. When the haberdashery he ran failed in the postwar contraction, he turned to politics, rising, by the time he was fifty, to the august post of County Judge.

This was the man who, according to Winston Churchill, "more than any other . . . saved Western civilization." How did he manage it?

Truman's 1949 inaugural outlined four points: 1) support of the United Nations; 2) the Marshall Plan; 3) containment; and 4) aid to the Third World (the phrase "Third World" was then unknown; the press dubbed the fourth point, simply, Point Four). The Marshall Plan was self-liquidating, but the other three points remained pillars of American foreign policy until the mid-sixties.

This structure of ideas, which might be called liberal anti-Communism, still has its advocates. Jenkins is more or less one. *The American Spectator* recently ran a fine, rumbustious polemic in liberal anti-Communism's defense by Alonzo Hamby.[1] A few years earlier, the late Joseph Bishop covered the domestic flank in a review of a biography of Joe McCarthy. An implicit message, at least of the arguments addressed to readers of *The American Spectator*, is that you right-wingers can go back to Burke or Bastiat, or whatever it is that amuses you; leave the world to us pros; we did just fine. How well did they actually do?

Jenkins retells the familiar tale. In 1944, Churchill had asked Stalin, in exchange for British acquiescence in his control of Eastern Europe, to lay off Greece. The Brits then set about suppressing rebellious Greek Communists with vigor. But postwar Britain lacked the will and the means to continue. In February 1947—one day after Clement Attlee gave Parliament the timetable for withdrawal from India—Ernest Bevin informed Washington that Britain could not shore up Greece for more than a month. Truman asked Congress in March for $400 million in aid to Greece and Turkey; more important, he declared that "it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples" against "armed minorities" or "outside pressure."

The minorities and pressures Truman had in mind were, of course, Communist. The Truman Doctrine was thus the seed of containment; and from containment sprang the rest of the four points. The Marshall Plan offered economic props to Europe. After the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, and the defenestration of Masaryk, NATO erected military props as well. The U.N. was to be the means of managing the disputes of free and unfree nations, while Point Four was the means of raising the submerged portions of the free world to economic health. The policy was soon put to test. In the summer of 1948, the Soviets blockaded the western sectors of Berlin; Truman supplied them by air. Two years later, the Communists of North Korea swept into the South. America, under the aegis of the U.N., hit back (losing more lives than it had in World War I).

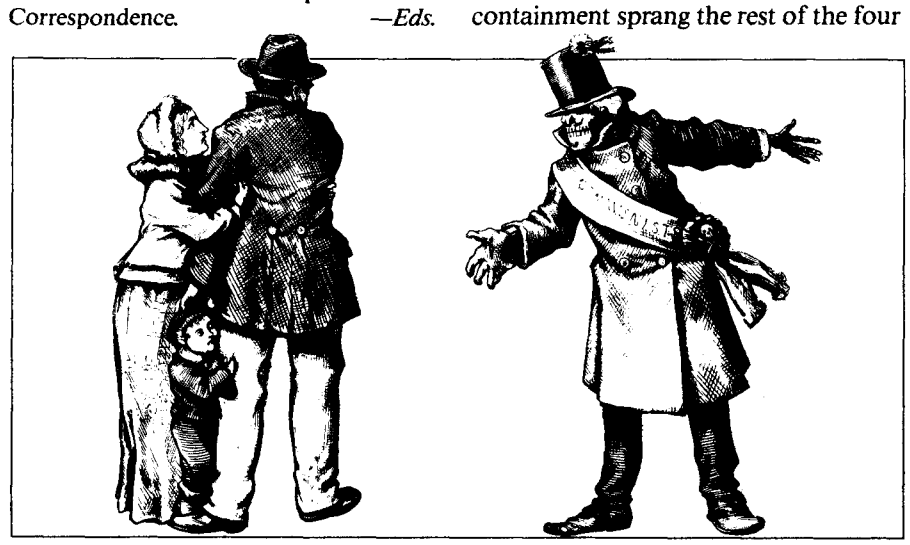
The policy had some notable successes. Turkey and Greece (Papandreou aside) remain allies of the West. So does South Korea. Communists have been in and out of power in San Marino; nowhere else in Western Europe. Ten years ago, Eurocommunism fizzled; more recently, the campaign against the Pershings and the cruises failed.

But containment's failures have also been spectacular. Before turning to the woes of Europe, Marshall advised Truman that the situation in China was not salvageable. Republicans liked to blame Truman and Acheson for "losing" China. But the two most derelict episodes in postwar American diplomacy occurred under Eisenhower and Dulles. For all their talk of roll-back, they sat back, immobile, when Hungary rose in revolt. Equally despicably, they condemned the Anglo-French attack on the Suez Canal, the last imperial gesture of our two oldest and strongest allies. If Britain and France have behaved, in latter days, like querulous wimps, and if the Middle East seems to be a problem we wish we were rid of, we have only ourselves to thank.

When the Democrats, including some of the original containers, came back to power in 1961, they let Cuba go down the chute. They drew the line instead four thousand miles away in Indochina; then abandoned it when their children bitched about the draft. The ocean and Arlington filled with boat people and Vietnamese restaurants.

Apart from specific defeats, Points One and Four have taken a beating. I can still remember having to read, in eighth grade, a social studies textbook (introduction by Hubert Humphrey) about what a wonderful thing the U.N.

[1]See "Containment's Comeback," *TAS*, March 1986, and Mr. Hamby's exchange with Senator Malcolm Wallop in the June Correspondence. —*Eds.*



Richard Brookhiser, managing editor of National Review, *is the author of* The Outside Story *(Doubleday).*

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was. In the seventies, Americans began to see the U.N. in its true colors; a place where deracinated Westerners invite the abuse of Communists, terrorists, and (when Idi Amin used to attend) the occasional cannibal. Third World aid continues out of inertia. But, here and there, we have come to suspect that it often cripples the countries to whom we give it, without guaranteeing their political loyalty.

Liberal anti-Communism had its critics, even at the creation. Jenkins gives them passing notice. The most threatening, within the Democratic party, was the left. Truman, in a (very Midwestern) letter to his daughter, called them "the American Crackpots Association . . . Jos[eph] Davies, Henry Wallace, Claude Pepper and the actors and artists in immoral Greenwich Village." Henry Wallace was not a man of ill-will; he repented of the political course he took, and ended his days as a subscriber to *National Review*. But in 1948, as the Progressive party presidential candidate, he was the stooge of the American Communist party, and thus, of Stalin. (Jenkins, oddly, says Wallace's Soviet policy was only "probably" mistaken.) Before it openly communized itself, the Progressive schism threatened to peel off a large chunk of old New Deal; former Brain Truster Rex Tugwell actually chaired the Progressive party's Philadelphia convention.

There was also thunder on the right, which Jenkins deals with less charitably. Joe McCarthy is, of course, the Great Satan, who "sullied America" and "ran amok." Jenkins is nearly as hard on Douglas MacArthur. MacArthur's military fumbles in Korea, before and after Inchon, receive loving attention. (By way of comparison, Jenkins hides Acheson's boo-boo, in omitting South Korea from a speech defining the perimeters of American interest six months before the Communist attack, in a footnote.) Jenkins never mentions MacArthur's role in the reconstruction of Japan, an achievement that equaled Adenauer's.

But Jenkins's basic point—so basic that he doesn't bother to state it—is true. The conservative political movement, what there was of it, had no alternative policy. The McCarthyite agitation was wholly concerned with personnel. Whenever the political right did look beyond the three-mile limit, its proposals were inchoate and contradictory. Sometimes it wanted the boys home from Europe. Sometimes it wanted to save China. Sometimes it muttered darkly about England (Thomas Dewey, wrote the *Chicago Tribune*, had gone "to Downing Street by way of Wall Street"). This was not a strategy; only—to borrow Lionel Trilling's phrase—a series of irritable mental gestures.

There was, on the intellectual level, a coherent right-wing critique of containment, based on an analysis of its flaws and contradictions. Containment was static. Where the Communists struck, we would resist—no less, but also no more. It was also meliorist. Our firmness would make the Communists change course—not in the dim, distant future, but in a matter of years. As George Kennan put it, "the institutions of the police state" would "end up by boring everybody, including those who practice them."

The critics—preeminently James Burnham—found all this psychologically unreal. In the end, Burnham predicted, the containers would be the ones to change course. America would not be willing to run "all over the earth to put out fires started by a gang of arsonists who are declared in advance to be immune." He proposed, in containment's place, an aggressive, forward strategy: skeptical of foreign aid and the U.N., except as they were explicitly anti-Communist; willing, not only to block Communist thrusts, but to foment and support rebellions in already Communist territory—Eastern Europe, and even vulnerable parts of the Soviet Union itself (such as the Ukraine).

This was more cogent than anything Senator McCarthy or Colonel McCormick had to offer. From the point of view of democratic politics, however, it had a fatal flaw: It had no political support, and no prospect of getting any. It is impossible to say, so many years after the fact, whether the support could have been catalyzed. There were those, in and out of government, who longed for madder music. John Roche told me of being in Washington the week after the Hungarian revolution, urging that something be done. "Dulles," he remembered with disgust, "was under the bed." The CIA toyed with a plan to fly Eisenhower to Budapest. Students at Notre Dame volunteered to fight for the Hungarians, if Washington would send them. All in vain. Neither of the two parties, and virtually none of the nation's opinion-makers, were interested in such stuff. Intellectual speculation and popular impulse perished in a political void.

The conservative movement has come a long way in thirty years. Has it come up with anything better?

There has been a good deal of tussling over the Reagan Doctrine recently—what it means, whether it exists, whose ox gets gored. Turning from abstraction to the Administration's actions, one can discern a policy that

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both resembles, and diverges from, Truman's.

Third World aid continues in pretty much the same spirit (though there has been a disposition, thanks to the pressure of domestic groups, to ease up on international birth control programs). America remains in the U.N., though at a much lower emotional temperature. Vernon Walters, and Jeane Kirkpatrick before him, knew that most of their colleagues at Turtle Bay were neutral or hostile, and that it was necessary to bend ears and twist arms. The Reagan Administration shows a cautious willingness—in Grenada, Nicaragua, Angola, and Afghanistan—to roll back the edges of Soviet power.

Only the edges, though. The base of Soviet Communism—one half of Eurasia—is sacrosanct. Reagan did little more for Lech Walesa than Johnson did for Dubcek—or Eisenhower for Nagy. This is a posture enforced by the straitjacket of nuclear weapons. In 1948, America had, in theory, the power to relieve West Berlin with an armored column (as General Lucius Clay, the commander on the spot, urged). It could, at greater risk, have threatened war over Hungary. Six years later, it did threaten war over the missile crisis. The option is no longer realistic, at least as far as the Soviets' Eurorussian empire is concerned. Even the brashest conservatives today acknowledge this: Newt Gingrich, who spawns new ideas like a trout fishery, told me two years ago in Dallas that our policy must aim to contain the Soviets so that they would go the way of the Ottoman Turks: a backward, decadent, declining power, fated to repose on history's dustheap.

So we are back with containment. With this difference—that conservatives, unlike their liberal forbears, entertain no illusions about sudden Communist changes of heart. Containment, in other words, for real.

James Burnham's problem with containment remains. It's going to take a long time (much longer than George Kennan expected), and a lot of money. It will also take prudence. America, said Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, was the friend of liberty everywhere, the guarantor only of its own. The world has changed since the 1820s, and hence the application of Adams's principle, but not the principle itself. If Israel invades Lebanon, or apartheid crumbles, these are matters of interest to America: they do not require our on-the-spot stewardship.

America could have played its hand differently than Truman played it. But the deal has gone around the table a few times since then. If we're steadier than he and his successors were, his strategy may serve. □

TALKING BACK TO THE MEDIA

Peter Hannaford/Facts on File Publications/$17.95

Leslie Lenkowsky

'Twas the day after Christmas, 1983, and in the office of the Director of the United States Information Agency, Charles Z. Wick, all was astir. Among his holiday visitors was the redoubtable *New York Times* columnist, William Safire, who had not come to bring tidings of comfort and joy. Rather, he claimed to have information that Wick had been secretly tape recording telephone conversations and meetings in his office, supposedly in violation of government regulations, and wanted to know what Wick had to say in his defense. Oblivious to the spirit of the season, Wick showed him the door. As a result, the following six months brought enormous obloquy on Wick and eventually cost me—I was then his deputy—my job.

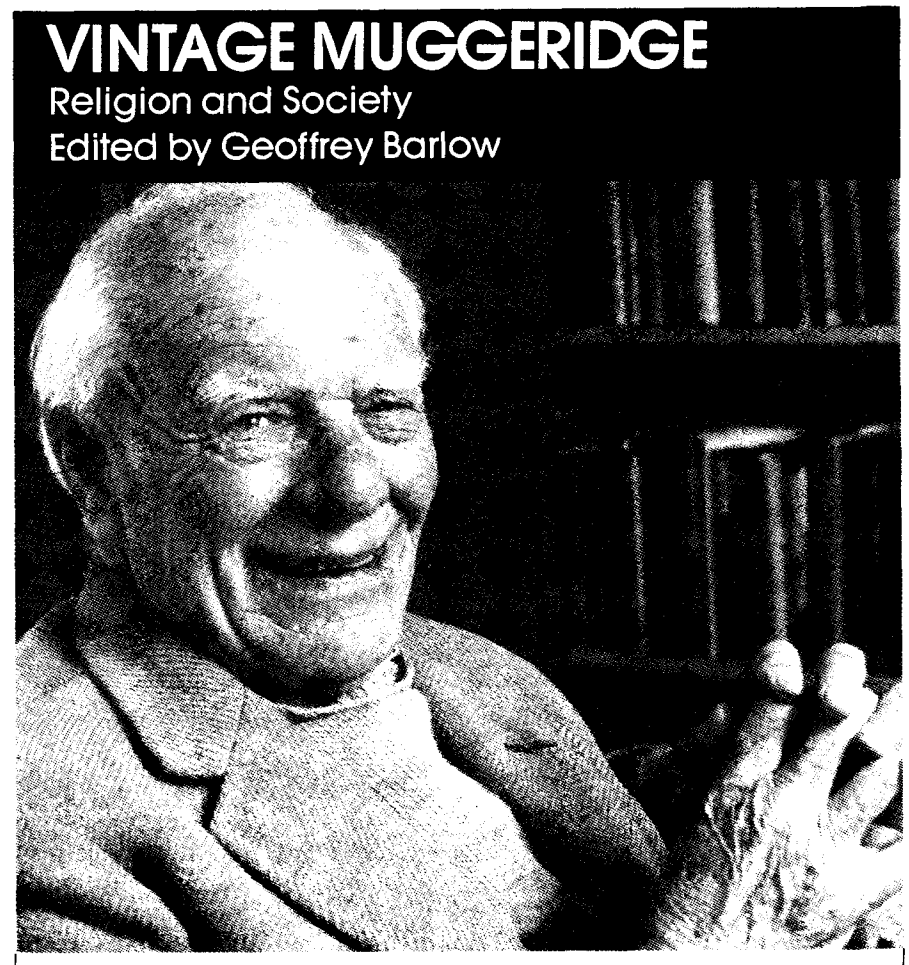
This is the sort of encounter that even the most dauntless politicians, businessmen, and other people in the public eye dread. First comes the unwonted inquiry from a renowned newsman, followed by an insistent demand for an explanation of some alleged misdeed. Then, an embarrassing front-page news story or prime-time television report, leading to an invasion by other reporters, cameramen, and perhaps even a legislative committee or two. Finally, the frantic, uphill efforts to prevent harm to one's career, company, or reputation, or at least to make the best of a bad situation. Rarely does one escape unscathed from this by now well-established ritual. Sometimes, the damage is irreparable.

To be sure, trial-by-press is nothing new. The "muckrakers" knew something about investigative reporting too. However, scandal-mongering seems to have grown more widespread and consequential of late. For younger journalists, it is possibly the quickest route to a successful career and for older ones, the easiest way to stay on top. Politicians (and their aides) have learned to use it to their advantage, as have self-styled "public interest" groups. Nowadays, hardly anyone at the higher reaches of government or business does not know (or has not heard about) some poor soul who has been put through the treatment, usually coming out much the worse for the experience. For a public figure, success increasingly means not so much achieving fame as avoiding being defamed. Hence, the trepidation with which all but the most thick-skinned greet that first call.

For those who are particularly anxious about being the object of such attention, Peter Hannaford has written a book that may steady the nerves. A public relations executive, long associated with Ronald Reagan, Hannaford offers a heartening message to those who must deal with the unwelcome scrutiny of the media: With proper preparation, technique, and resolve, one can not only talk back but also be heard. Drawing on examples from both business and politics, he provides a series of recommendations that anyone who is in public life today should heed—and I wish I had.

Some of Hannaford's advice is already part of the folk wisdom of the media age. For example, he notes the importance of proper dress for television appearances (blue shirts, not stripes for men, no glittery jewelry or large earrings for women), of looking a questioner in the eye when answering, of sitting up straight and not gesticulating or smiling nervously, and of having a single, simple message that

Leslie Lenkowsky is president of the Institute for Educational Affairs in Washington, D.C.



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can be repeated in various ways in the course of the interview. He also explains the arcana of the mass media: what a "sound bite" is, how to prepare an "actuality," and what the difference is between speaking "on background" and "on deep background." Not least important, at a time when television reporters such as Mike Wallace seem most likely to provoke sleepless nights, Hannaford provides a reminder that newspapers, magazines, and especially radio still reach sizable audiences and afford numerous opportunities for getting one's own story across.

(For me, the most painful point Hannaford makes concerns the use of humor. If an interview is going well, he writes, "you may be tempted to use humor, even flippancy. Forget it. Chances are, you will deliver yourself a wound you will regret." During an interview with James J. Kilpatrick when I was at USIA, I breezily characterized those responsible for a so-called blacklist of speakers as "mindless gnomes." He chuckled, as did the other panelists on "Agronsky and Company" when he repeated my remark on the air. But to USIA's employee union, my comment was a sign of disrespect and led the union to oppose my nomination as deputy director.)

Valuable as these tips are, Hannaford on strategy is more interesting—and more significant. Where many public relations men would advise hiding or pleading "no contest" when the investigative reporter calls, as though avoidance and appeasement could ward off a media onslaught, he recommends a more aggressive response. Admit to error when wrong, but strongly deny charges that are untrue. Be candid and direct, emphasize the positive side of the matter under scrutiny, and never give credibility to a criticism by repeating it. Nor is it necessary to answer obviously biased questions or sit down with interviewers who have their minds made up already. If unscrupulous tactics are employed (such as the outrageous "stakeout" of television news crews on his front lawn that former national security adviser Richard V. Allen endured), answer in kind, for example, by coming home late at night. Should all else fail, consider taking counter-actions ranging from letters of protest to libel suits. In short, fight back.

As a model of sorts, Hannaford offers the treatment of the Adolph Coors Company by "60 Minutes." Under the guidance of its stout-hearted public affairs director, the late John McCarty, the company turned what could have been a devastating account of an attempted boycott of its beer into virtually an advertisement for itself. Careful preparation, including practice with likely interview questions, was part of the reason. But in addition, the Coors management decided to meet squarely the key accusation—that its labor relations were poor—by giving "60 Minutes" the run of its plant and access to its employees. The result was that the television crew saw for itself (and more importantly, recorded on camera) what employees really thought about the company. The critics seemed out-of-touch by comparison.

Of course, not all businessmen or government officials will be able to muster such an open-and-shut case. More typically, they face accusations which either contain a grain of truth, puffed up beyond recognition, or else are impossible to disprove, like the unverifiable testimony of someone who claims to be in a "position to know." Nonetheless, even under those circumstances, Hannaford is surely right that being overly defensive will give too much credence to a reporter's allegations. Ironically, a carefully crafted effort to rebut a story may stand a better chance of avoiding a public flap over it. Not everyone will be as successful (or lucky) as the Coors Company, but in today's media climate, suggests Hannaford, following the path of least resistance is often the best way to be run over.

Talking Back to the Media contains numerous illustrations, from both business and politics, in support of this advice. Thus, although Ronald Reagan opposed the Equal Rights Amendment, he avoided a major controversy, says Hannaford, by emphasizing his commitment to attaining "women's rights" through other means. Similarly, in the wake of the Tylenol poisonings, the drug's manufacturer, Johnson & Johnson, lowered the political temperature by being open with the press and candid about the financial losses it had suffered. Hannaford also shows how other companies and officeholders likewise softened the impact of bad news by engaging, rather than trying to evade, the media.

The upshot of most of these examples is that skillful public relations can frequently turn a full-scale assault into a minor mugging. That is not the worst of outcomes, but it is hardly one to feel too triumphant about. Even if, as Hannaford argues, it has grown less influential of late, the media will always possess one of the most important attributes of power: the ability to define what the issue is. As a result, "talking back" is inevitably a reactive strategy. Sometimes, as in the case of Coors, a well-designed response can be used to reverse public perceptions. Most often, however, it simply keeps a press-inspired predicament from becoming worse.

To do better than that requires a more ambitious strategy. Significant as they are, journalists are not the only ones able to shape the public agenda. Some corporations, as well as government agencies and public officials, have done an effective job of building the kind of support that stifles most efforts to make them objects of a media onslaught. (Sacred cows rarely are slaughtered.) Others, most notably Mobil, have honed their images through corporate contributions, advertising, and other means, thereby obtaining a cushion of favorable opinion for the day when a critical news story appears. In addition, the increased possibility of public exposure has made business and government executives more sensitive—perhaps overly so—to avoiding questionable activities. Although Hannaford does not dwell much upon such tactics, they add up to the idea that effective media relations should not wait until Mike Wallace calls.

In an encounter with an investigative reporter, not all (and sometimes rather little) will depend upon how it is handled. Politics, ideology, deep-seated resentments, and much more enter into the coverage of every story, but especially those concerning public figures. Anyone who knew of William Safire's special fixation on tape recording by government officials would have expected him to give USIA's director a good going-over. In that case, a more sophisticated public relations strategy would not have made much difference.

Yet it would have made some, and in other cases, it could help a great deal. That is why Peter Hannaford's advice on how to talk back to the media should be essential reading for all public officials and many people in the private sector as well. Indeed, if he is not careful about providing such sensible suggestions, Hannaford might even give public relations a good name. □

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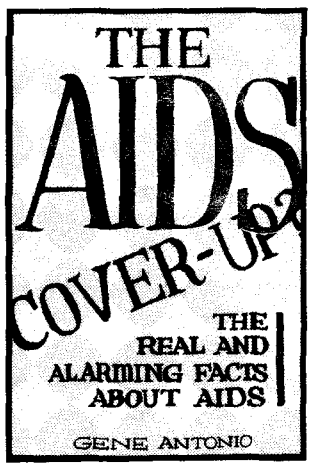

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AMERICA CAN WIN: THE CASE FOR MILITARY REFORM

Gary Hart with William S. Lind/Adler & Adler/$17.95

Mary C.N. McConnell

Don't judge this book by its covers: the bullish-on-America title superimposed on an American flag, or the full-page photograph of Gary Hart in a thoughtful slouch. These promise the worst in campaign literature. The promise is not fulfilled.

Don't be put off by the preface, either. "This book is designed to promote common sense." The Soviet "reality rests somewhere in between" ideology armed and rampant and the toothless bear. "Our interests cannot be defended until they are defined." "No one should seek to lead this nation who is not totally committed to its security."

Having relieved himself of these statesmanesque noises, Senator Hart by all appearances then turns the job over to his creative, opinionated, iconoclastic (and quite conservative) defense adviser and "co-author," William Lind. What Lind goes on to produce is less a presidential campaign tract than a quintessential staffer's account of struggles inside the Beltway. Its tone is not so much political as parochial, especially in its elaborate genealogy of the military reform movement: "a loose band of intellectual and political guerrilla fighters, ambushing the defense establishment with unexpected questions, unwelcome facts, and innovative alternatives to current policy." Almost everyone in the book wears a white or a black hat, and the way to tell the difference is whether or not they agree with Bill Lind and his reformer friends.

Like most guerrilla fighters, the military reformers are better at tearing down the defense establishment than they are at reconstructing a workable alternative. *America Can Win* offers a plausible critique of what might be called the American defense culture, especially the bloated, over-centralized bureaucracy that controls both the Department of Defense and the individual services. The arguments have become familiar: We have too many top-ranking officers and civilians who, in search of useful employment, busy themselves gold-plating weapons and stifling the initiative of their subordinates. The services are run not by warriors but by engineers who have forgotten what little military history they were ever forced to learn. The military promotion system encourages the "go along, get along" officer to stay in uniform, while the retirement system encourages the innovative officer to leave.

To their credit, the authors do not promote the usual panacea—defense reorganization—to cure these ills. "It would be a snare and a delusion to think that the serious institutional problems in our defense establishment can be solved by rearranging the organizational boxes at the top of the Pentagon," they write. Nevertheless, many of the organizational proposals they do offer are elusive, or naive: The "bureaucratic" model of decision-making is to be replaced by the "corporative" model—made in Japan—whereby "the institution . . . makes a great effort to get its employees at every level to adopt the institution's external goals and purposes as their *personal* goals and values." How is this to be accomplished? By exhortation—at least that's how it works in the only example offered.

Likewise, the Pentagon's much maligned Planning, Programming, and Budgeting System (PPBS) for setting defense priorities and determining the defense budget is to be replaced with a "macroplanning process . . . a framework designed to permit rapid and easy syntheses of individual programs into rough estimates of alternative five-year programs known as macroplanning options; analysis of each planning option's strengths, weaknesses, and cost; and systematic examination of the possible long-term effects of current uncertainties surrounding future threats, budgets, and technological possibilities." Huh? Defense Department bureaucrats could hardly have described the putative aims of PPBS better (or worse). The key to such new planning appears to be oversight by an "assistant for macroplanning" of "impeccable" morals, superb judgment, and no political convictions. Reform, then, is simply a description of the situation without the problem.

But most of these organizational proposals in *America Can Win* are relatively harmless. The same cannot be said of Hart and Lind's better known proposals for changing the composition of American arsenals. Leaving aside the individual weapons and equipment they condemn—some have merit, others do not—the authors are promoting a dangerous generalization, which is that complicated high-tech weapons cost too much and don't work anyway; simpler, lower-tech weapons are cheaper, can be procured in greater numbers, and do the job. The greatest villains, according to the authors, are precision-guided munitions (PGMs): the so-called "smart" weapons equipped with advanced electronics, radar, and computers that are designed to locate, identify, and destroy fixed (and, increasingly, mobile) targets from a far greater distance than ever before.

It may be hard to grasp what is at stake in the debate over PGMs, because neither side wants to tell the full truth. The Defense Department and the services, scrambling to overcome a growing imbalance in combat numbers, have put their faith in PGMs as a way to use America's comparative advantage in technology. They can point to the dramatic success of these weapons in the closing days of the Vietnam war, the opening days of the 1973 Arab-Israeli War, the 1982 Israeli assault on Syrian air defenses, and, more recently, the U.S. retaliatory attack on Libya. They can also point to the decreasing prices of advanced electronics and computers.

The reformers, on the other hand, can argue that many of these weapons, however wonderful in theory, haven't worked as advertised. The Army's now-canceled DIVAD self-propelled, radar-directed anti-aircraft gun is a case in point. The reformers propose that the U.S. military scrap most of these high-technology weapons and return to proven, simpler weapons.

Both sides are right, and wrong. The defense establishment is almost surely correct (only war will tell) in arguing that PGMs will eventually change the face of warfare, and that if we do not employ them, the Soviets will. They are also right in pointing out that the low-tech alternative would require more manpower and therefore perhaps (as many reformers openly recommend) a return to the draft. But our defense planners are less eager to admit that these weapons are still at an early stage of development: in other words, they still have a lot of bugs. The planners prefer to fight for that last increment of capability, which only drives up cost and complicates maintenance.

The reformers are often right in arguing that the advanced weapons we have acquired work less well, and cost more, than originally claimed. But they refuse to face up to the need *both* to move forward with successor generations of PGMs, and to acquire sufficient numbers of more mature weapons. The issue for both sides is money, a subject that *Amer-*

Mary C.N. McConnell is a free-lance writer living in Chicago.

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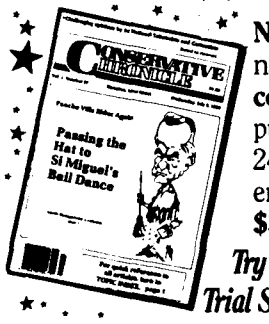

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ica Can Win mostly avoids like the plague.

There is a heavily romantic streak to military reform: a nostalgia for the good old days of Patton and MacArthur, the machine gun and the unambiguous war. It shows up in the proposals for a more "socialized" bureaucracy and a less complicated arsenal. It shows up as well in the doctrinal core of the military reform agenda: the substitution of "maneuver" for "attrition" as the American "style of warfare."

> The object in maneuver warfare is not to kill enemy soldiers, but to shatter the ability of whole enemy units . . . to fight in an organized effective way, and to panic and paralyze enemy commanders. The main means is not firepower but . . . presenting [the enemy] with surprising and dangerous situations faster than he can react to them, until he comes apart.

This, say the reformers, is how the Israelis beat the Arabs in 1967, and how the Germans beat the French in 1940. (It is also how the Germans did not beat the more resilient Russians in 1943.) The victors sought the initiative; took quick advantage of every opening; and usually out-generaled and out-thought their adversaries.

It is hard to quarrel with applying mind over matter, especially when the Soviets have so much more matter than we do. But what does maneuver warfare mean in practice? Its advocates actively resist answering that question. As Mr. Lind has written elsewhere, maneuver warfare rejects formulas. Its goal "is not a commander with a mental checklist, but one with what the Germans call 'a feeling in the tips of his fingers' . . . a thought process rooted in *Gestalt*."[1]

True, the reformers have identified some more readily defined characteristics of a maneuver-oriented military: it would delegate greater authority to junior officers; put greater value on troop cohesion by reducing the personnel turnover in individual units; emphasize military history at least as much as engineering in the training of future combat leaders; and encourage "free-play" as opposed to predetermined, "set-piece" military exercises. These are all sensible reforms, and many are now being or have already been adopted by the military. But together they do not make a doctrinal revolution, or even, for that matter, a doctrine.

It would be interesting to know, for example, how Hart and Lind would have fought the Vietnam war. Our military planners in Vietnam, after all, thought they *were* trying to out-think and outpace the enemy. The emphasis on counterinsurgency tactics, on helicopter envelopment patterns, even on winning hearts and minds, appears in each case an emphasis on maneuver warfare. One could argue that we eventually out-thought ourselves. We were so busy being clever that we failed to recognize the very traditional threat posed by the army of North Vietnam. The invasion that ultimately led to the fall of Saigon might have best been met by an army trained in the attrition methods of World War II.

In another sense, however, the authors are surely right to claim that Vietnam was a war of attrition. We tried to outlast an enemy when time was not on our side. We allowed Hanoi to defeat, in the authors' words, the American "strategic center of gravity . . . [which was] the growing popular discontent with the Vietnam War." So what would have been the "maneuver warfare" alternative? Surely it was to strike quickly and decisively at the *North Vietnamese* center of gravity—in North Vietnam.

If that has become Senator Hart's position, he never says so, any more

[1]William S. Lind, "The Case for Maneuver Doctrine," in *The Defense Reform Debate*, edited by Asa A. Clark IV, Peter W. Chiarelli, Jeffrey S. McKitrick, and James W. Reed (The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984).

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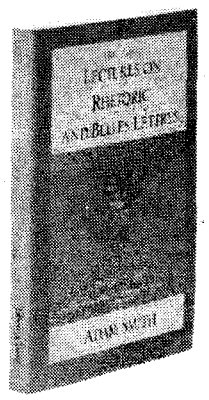

Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres

By Adam Smith
The Glasgow Edition
Edited by J. C. Bryce

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than he ever defines American interests, analyzes the Soviet threat, or explains under just what circumstances Americans might have to fight. *America Can Win* seems to have been written in a sterile environment from which all foreign policy considerations have been deliberately excluded.

If "no one should seek to lead this nation who is not totally committed to its security," no one, likewise, should be allowed to lead this nation who does not have a clear notion of the purposes for which, and the adversaries against which, it must ultimately be secured. With apologies to Mr. Lind, *America Can Win* should have been *more* of a campaign book. We would still like to know where the Senator stands. □

VINTAGE MUGGERIDGE: RELIGION AND SOCIETY
Edited by Geoffrey Barlow/Wm. B. Eerdmans/$7.95

Terry Teachout

Malcolm Muggeridge is a hard man to pin down. In Great Britain he is known as a television personality, in America as a humorist. Regular viewers of "Firing Line" know him as the benign Christian apologist who speaks eloquently of the road to faith every Christmas. Most readers of *The American Spectator* surely think of him as an elder statesman of conservatism. But such casual reductionism cannot come anywhere near conveying the true flavor of so complex and elusive a figure as Muggeridge. He is a brutal critic of the medium which has made him famous. "Humor" is a strange euphemism to apply to the corrosive brand of savage, lacerating satire which he has been dispensing for five decades. The variety of Christianity which he so eloquently espouses in his extreme old age is anything but orthodox. And to call him a conservative is to impose on his political views a coherence and consistency which they do not possess.

George Orwell, writing about Muggeridge as early as 1940, correctly observed that

> Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's "message"—for it is a message, though a negative one . . . boils down to a simple disbelief in the power of human beings to construct a perfect or even a tolerable society here on earth. In essence, it is the Book of Ecclesiastes with the pious interpolations left out. . . . He gives no more evidence of believing in God than of trusting in Man. Nothing is open to him, therefore, except an indiscriminate walloping of all human activities whatever.

This "indiscriminate walloping" quite logically took the form of satire, and indeed Muggeridge became our century's preeminent satirist of the will to power and the liberal death wish. ("People smell power," he remarked in 1959, "as a bull smells a cow in heat.") But the ferocity of Muggeridge's satire, as Orwell clearly implies, was initially based on a pessimism so complete as to be nihilistic in its import. Such pessimism cannot be sustained this side of sanity, and so it is hardly surprising that Muggeridge turned with increasing frequency to Christianity both as a subject matter and as a philosophy of life.

Viewed in this light, Muggeridge's career takes on intriguing similarities to the life of that other right-wing journalistic bird of paradise, Whittaker Chambers. Like Chambers, Muggeridge put his trust in the socialist promise of an earthly paradise, experienced the most horrid disillusionment imaginable, and ultimately found refuge in religious belief. Both men moved from passionate faith in the left to uneasy coexistence with the right, from sensual chaos to domestic asceticism, from brilliantly executed secular journalism to profoundly spiritual reflections on the desperation of our times cast in the supple medium of autobiography.

One other resemblance, this one exasperating, should be mentioned: neither Whittaker Chambers nor Malcolm Muggeridge cared enough about his own work to supervise the publication of anything remotely resembling a decent collection of essays. "I have had no wish to renew acquaintance with my past writings, whether published or unpublished," Muggeridge has written, and he does not exaggerate. There have only been two collections of his secular prose to date, *Tread Softly for You Tread on My Jokes* and *Things Past*, neither of which was ideally satisfactory and neither of which is currently in print. *The Earnest Atheist*, Muggeridge's lethally funny biography of Samuel Butler, and *The Thirties*, his pungent social history of Great Britain between the floods, have been unavailable for years. (His novels, needless to say, are even rarer.)

So the announcement of a book called *Vintage Muggeridge* by Wm. B. Eerdmans, a religious publishing house, inevitably aroused expectations of a well-chosen and long-overdue anthology, expectations which are not meant to be satisfied by the finished product. What editor Geoffrey Barlow has assembled instead is a collection of Malcolm Muggeridge's lectures and addresses dealing with "religion and society," the proceeds intended to benefit the activities of Mother Teresa in Calcutta. One of these pieces, the 1968 sermon "Another King," was previously published in *Jesus Rediscovered*. The others, which range from a lecture on Dr. Johnson to transcripts of three of Muggeridge's "Firing Line" appearances, are uncollected.

One must admit that there is nothing particularly essential about this volume, though it is good to have the "Firing Line" appearances readily available between hard covers; Muggeridge's views on Christianity and society have already been presented with the greatest possible clarity in *Jesus Rediscovered*. But there are, as always, striking moments, such as the highly characteristic passage in "The Prospect of Death" where Muggeridge reflects on the evidences of immortality.

> There must, in other words, be another reason for our existence and that of the universe than just getting through the days of our life as best we may; some other destiny than merely using up such physical, intellectual and spiritual creativity as has been vouchsafed us. This, anyway, has been the strongly held conviction of the greatest artists, saints, philosophers and, until quite recent times, scientists. . . . I'd rather be wrong with Dante and Shakespeare and Milton, with Augustine of Hippo and Francis of Assisi, with Dr. Johnson, Blake and Dostoevsky, than right with Voltaire, Rousseau, the Huxleys, Herbert Spencer, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw.

"This in all actuarial probability," the last-named of these authors wrote at the age of 93 in the preface to *Shakes Versus Shav*, "is my last play and the climax of my eminence, such as it is." Similarly, *Vintage Muggeridge* is in all actuarial probability the last book we can reasonably expect within the lifetime of Malcolm Muggeridge. (Unless, of course, the promised final volume of *Chronicles of Wasted Time* is nearing completion, as is devoutly to be hoped.) And it is altogether fitting that this great satirist of the follies of the twentieth century should bring his extraordinary list of publications to a close with a collection of sermons and addresses on religion whose sale will go to benefit Mother Teresa's ministry. When Evelyn Waugh died, Muggeridge called him "above all a mystic in search of a beatific vision." It is the great vindication of Muggeridge's career that he has so clearly found his own beatific vision at last. □

Terry Teachout is an associate editor of Harper's.

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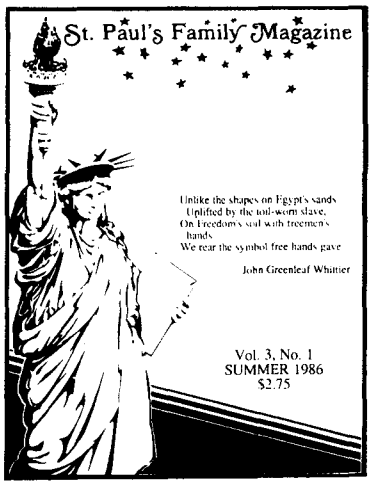
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ROADSIDE AMERICA
Jack Barth, Doug Kirby, Ken Smith, and Mike Wilkins
Simon and Schuster/$9.95

IT CAME FROM THE SWAMP:
YOUR FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AT WORK
Susan Trausch/Houghton Mifflin/$19.95

Alex Heard

People who insist Washington is full of humorless policy nerds must have felt pretty smug last winter when the *Washington Monthly* ran an article explaining "Why David Letterman Is Bad for America." The idea was that Letterman's "minimalist irony" is symptomatic of young people's (alleged) detachment from the political process. Hauling in Susan Sontag, Lionel Trilling, *Revolutionary Road*, and "Leave It To Beaver" for ballast, the author concluded: "These days, irony seems to be a way of conditioning ourselves to accept the gap between our ideals and deeds."

So that's why I put down Strobe Talbott's *Deadly Gambits* the other night to waste time snickering at Leif Garrett in *Skateboard* . . . no commitment to ideological excellence.

I suppose someone could render a useful social insight from Letterman's humor, with its hip sarcasm, adolescent nostalgia, and (especially with Dave's mutant spawn, Pee Wee Herman) fixation on the fun cultural junk of the fifties and sixties, but is there really much to say? Perhaps some *Rolling Stone* boilerplate about the collective humor subconsciousness of the TV generation? Speculation about smirking Yuppie apaths staying home on election day to watch Dave on the VCR? Please, no. Humor "thinkpieces" sap my will to go on, and I'm still weak from the recent spate of over-analysis brought on by publication of *Saturday Night*.

Unfortunately, a new book called *Roadside America* may get the humor assayers excited again—its authors are state-of-the-art Sons of Dave. College students are Letterman's staunchest fans, and two of the four young men who collaborated on this book are recent graduates from an undergrad humor magazine called *Tacky World*. If you've taken a long car trip in America since 1950, you're familiar with the subject matter: highway tourist schlock, those kitsch attractions, animals, and collectibles that the book calls "the economic mutants of social Darwinism."

The authors logged 21,000 miles on the road, and this exhaustive catalogue shows it. I once considered myself quite the expert on highway attractions, especially ones in Kansas, but I'm no match for four guys with a Simon and Schuster travel budget. The *Roadside America* team embarrassed me by finding, less than fifty miles from my hometown, a 160-acre "living canvas" wheatfield shaped like Will Rogers's head, with different grains used for shading.

All of America's world-famous tourist traps are here: Wall Drug in South Dakota, Rock City in Georgia, South of the Border on I-95 in South Carolina, Graceland, Forest Lawn Cemetery, the Oregon Vortex. But there's so much more. (In this field, at least, America is still Number One.) Carbo's Smoky Mountain Police Museum (featuring "The World of Buford Pusser"). The Mecca of Albino Squirrels. Lum and Abner Village. The Boll Weevil Monument. Toilet Rock. The Soup Tureen Museum. Lawrence Welk Village. The Shuffleboard Hall of Fame. The Creation Evidences Museum. The Tupperware Museum. The World's Largest Ten Commandments. Performing animals, celebrity tributes, Santa's Villages, reptile farms, gator shows, religious attractions, Elvis, foreign theme parks (the book has a map of "completed" and "failed" pyramids), dozens of World's Largests and awful/great souvenirs like the Three Mile Island Cóoling Tower Coffee Mug and a Conga Playing Nun.

Stupid? Yes, but usually funny, and I don't think it will damage the commonweal. On the down side, there is too much Letterman zany talk ("It's time for the Giant Animal Parade!!!") and the same unfunny elderly-and-foreigner-bashing *National Lampoon* has been doing for years: "Dangerous, unsafe jets carry you to fetid, foreign lands. . . . They'll fix you up good with their execrable food and poison water."

On the up side, there isn't any serious discussion of "what it all means." The Roadside Four advance the Pee Wee theme that American schlock is wonderful precisely because it's so American. "The most remarkable and glorious benefit of free governments, industrial revolutions, capitalist surplus, collective bargaining, and progress is the vacation." Meaning a Tacky World vacation. They prefer "someplace that makes a chimp smoke a pipe and walk a tightrope" over, well, all of New England, any non-commercialized historical site, and animals in their natural habitat.

Face it, no matter who you are or what you believe in, you don't want to see a bunch of fat, flea-bitten lions lying around while you're visiting an animal park. You want to see those lions dressed in baggy pants and opening their jaws wide while some foolish trainer sticks a head or giant toothbrush inside. . . .

Naturally, then, Public Enemy #1 is Lady Bird Johnson, who is depicted as a crazed "anti-tourist." As the owner of Gatorama in Palmdale, Florida, puts it: "Used to be when I had billboards up and could advertise, business was better. But when Lady Bird Johnson was our President—Lyndon only did what she told him to—she decided to 'beautify' our highways. Cut down eleven of my brand-new billboards."

Enemy #2 is the type of false civic pride evident in places like New Harmony, Indiana. There, *R.A.* informs us, the Angel Gabriel once left a set of footprints. "Somebody with *beaucoup* piasters is trying to divert your attention away from those footprints," the authors charge. Today, New Harmony has "a Philip Johnson church and a Richard Meier visitor center," but the footprints are downplayed. The Lutheran backyard Gabriel landed in is closed, and "there are no current postcards of the miracle in the town's artsy craftsy notions shoppes."

"Bad bureaucracy," *R.A.* laments, "has brought more than one priceless roadside wonder to an ignominious end." I agree with these intrepid young smartasses. If such dour people had been in power in my hometown, Garden City, Kansas, in the 1930s, the World's Largest Free Outdoor Concrete Municipal Swimming Pool would never have been built, and I'd be a poorer man for it.

Boston Globe reporter Susan Trausch is convinced Washington is full of humorless policy nerds. ("Nothing frightens the good people of Washington quite so much as the unauthorized chuckle.") She also believes This Town is a wacky, crazy, nutty place that "doesn't work," even though, ironically, it's supposed to, for, indeed, our federal government is here. At least I think that's what *It Came From The Swamp* is saying. Better double-check that.

What appears to be blatantly stupid when viewed by a single person becomes politically viable when viewed by Congress. . . . "Beware all who enter this place for it shall ever after be a monument to absurdity" [an old Indian curse]. . . . A guy named Murphy, the inventor of the law that bears his name, came along and his descendants have made their home in Washington ever since . . . . I mean, we are talking strange down here. . . . Welcome to Lewis Carroll country.

Yes, I thought so. If anyone comes across a staler humor conceit, please pour two billion yards of concrete on it.

Sorry, I'm using humorous hyperbole, Trausch's favorite device. As in: "Crossing the street at K and Nineteenth requires a lawyer and a ruling from the Department of Transportation" and a few million others like that.

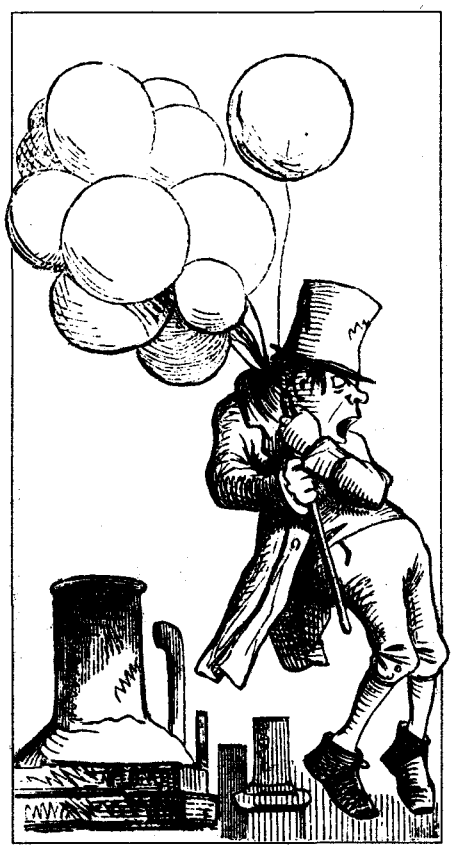
Nevertheless, Trausch manages to beat some new life into this dead horse because she's a reporter with a good ear, and she has collected some good, funny anecdotes to fill out her themelets. (In contrast to a certain famed humorist, initials A. B., who never does anything but read the paper.)

She writes: "I once waited for an elevator with a lawyer who stuck out his chin, slammed his right fist into his left hand, looked up at the ceiling, and said, 'I'm really starting to track at the firm.' " Not hilarious, but it rings true.

Trausch is also good on Washington fringe characters, the silliness of Washingtonians believing they suffer more in the summer than anyone else, Riggs Bank ads ("The most important bank in the most important city in the world"), and power telephone etiquette.

But she clinks loudly when trying too hard to be satirical. She has a

Alex Heard is a writer living in Washington, D.C.



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chapter about the evolution and use of a device called "the power meter." (A real device, invented by Nixon, with blinking lights and an antenna.) And she simply fumbles some ideas. A parody of the power-personality profiles that appear in the *Washington Post* Style section and *Washingtonian* magazine starts out strong. The lead is: "Smithfield DeWitt is waiting." But a few grafs later Smithfield DeWitt is picking his nose.

Yo, I need another two hundred thousand yards of 'crete. □

SMOKING AND SOCIETY: TOWARD A MORE BALANCED ASSESSMENT

Edited by Robert Tollison/Lexington Books/$34.95

Ernest van den Haag

The major achievement of this book is to make an intriguing subject altogether boring. Still, occasionally interesting data are presented. They are all on the side of smoking, though. No wonder, since "the assistance and support of representatives of a number of tobacco companies" is acknowledged. The acknowledgement, however, is coy and furtive.

What kind of "assistance"? Wherein does "support" differ from "assistance"? Why of "representatives of a number of tobacco companies" and not of the companies themselves? And why are these not listed? The book would have gained if both sides of the controversy had been represented. But I am reviewing what was done, not what should have been done.

The contributions themselves vary. Some are outright silly. Others ponderously state the obvious. Some are quite sensible; but even the interesting essays, such as those of Peter Berger and James Buchanan, do not tell much that is original or profound.

Although Hans J. Eysenck, in his compendious summary of the data, argues that there is no definitive proof (he makes a good case), I remain convinced that smoking increases the risk of disease to the smoker. However, under normal circumstances, smoking is no more than a nuisance for the non-smoker. No less can be said for drinking (which far more increases the risks—let alone the nuisance—to non-drinkers), or for driving, or keeping pets. Sex (let alone childbirth) is more hazardous still. (It might be better if you reached for a cigarette next time you are tempted by sex.)

The argument of the non-smoker—"you'd be so much better off if you stopped"—reminds me of my mother's argument against the minor vices of her children. She always figured out that, if I saved the daily expenditure on cigarettes or whatever, I would be a millionaire in no time. It never occurred to her that I would spend the money in some other—possibly worse—way. The alternative to bad was always good—never worse. Similarly, the anti-smoker does not believe that the smoker might replace smoking with something worse and not, as he fondly hopes, with nothing, or something better. Overeating, drinking, or becoming a zealot are obvious possibilities.

Incidentally, the economists in this volume, who stress the revenue derived from taxes on tobacco and the employment the industry provides, suffer from an analogous misapprehension. The revenue now got by taxing tobacco could readily be got by taxing something else. And people who no longer buy tobacco, my mother to the contrary notwithstanding, would buy something else. Producing it need not employ fewer people than now are employed by the tobacco industry.

Should we have government regulation of smoking? It would keep bureaucrats busy, though not necessarily out of mischief. Yet any restaurant will find it in its best interest to prohibit or permit smoking, or to separate smokers from non-smokers, whichever serves its customers best. That's the way to make a profit. And who wants the government to sit at his table? Surely the owner knows best what his customers want. Airlines, for similar reasons, will separate smokers from non-smokers, as railroads have always done. Employers should be allowed to negotiate with their employees about on-the-job smoking, just as they negotiate about wages and other working conditions. I don't see the need for government intervention in any of these matters.

In most private occasions and places, accommodations can be made to satisfy everyone's interests, although, by definition, such accommodations will not satisfy zealots bound on saving the world from itself. Fanatics often are a greater nuisance than anything they are fanatic about. As for public buildings, smoking is not a serious issue since most of them are airy enough. But where it does become an issue, the local authority should be allowed to decide. On the other hand, smoking seems totally contra-indicated in theaters, hospitals, schools, and wherever there are major fire hazards.

Tobacco advertising is a rather silly issue—the belief that advertising causes smoking is unwarranted. People smoke pot, which is not advertised. People will drink and smoke whether it is advertised or not. (The only point of advertising is to advance one brand over another.) Further, in a free society, one should be allowed to persuade people to do what others think is bad for them, be that smoking, voting for Democrats, or jogging.

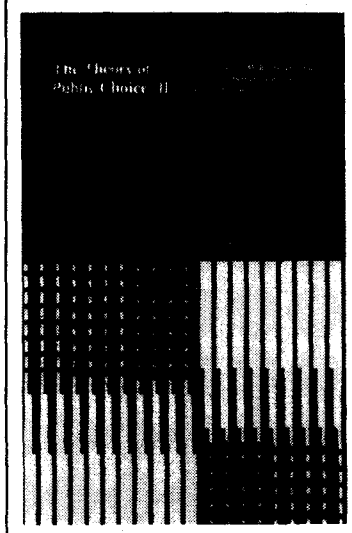
Should smokers be made to pay, through taxes, for the extra hospitalization cost they cause—which is usually borne by the taxpayers? How about drinkers? Overeaters? People who refuse to do exercise? The extra burden on smokers would certainly be unfair. (Still, so are many other taxes.)

We have to accept many of each other's minor peculiarities as long as they cannot be shown to harm third persons. Smoking has not been shown so to harm. People, including the government, may campaign against smoking if they think it is bad, or if they don't like it. But anyone should be allowed to smoke, however bad it is for him, as long as he does not harm non-consenting bystanders. We cannot prohibit everything that annoys anyone. We must develop, or regain, the same tolerance for smoking as we have for driving, drinking (not the combination), and cosmetics. □

Ernest van den Haag is the John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University.

James M. Buchanan and Robert B. Tollison, Editors

The Theory of Public Choice — II



"The challenge of the 1980s lies in constitutional reform. Can our society reform itself by imposing fiscal restraints on government's power to tax, and, by inference, on its power to spend monies for governmental purposes, including transfers to those persons and groups who do not pay taxes but who hold rights to the franchise?"

— James Buchanan

Using public choice theory based on economics, the authors discuss voting, tax policy, government regulation, redistribution of wealth, and international negotiation as they seek a new approach to government, one more responsive to and reflective of the individual.

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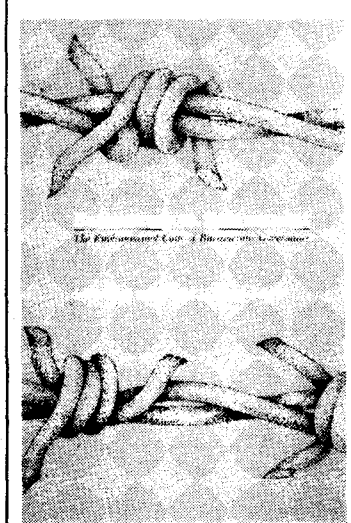
John Baden and Richard L. Stroup, Editors

Bureaucracy vs. Environment

The Environmental Costs of Bureaucratic Governance



In an effort to safeguard America's natural resources from depletion by private interests, their regulation was entrusted to government agencies. The contributors to this study maintain that both the environment and the economy have suffered from those years of bureaucratic management. They examine the regulation of coal, water, timber, natural gas, and grazing land, and outline a new policy which would force bureaucratic agencies to meet standards of economic efficiency which would satisfy environmentalists, taxpayers, and business interests.

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A HISTORY OF THE ISRAELI ARMY: 1874 TO THE PRESENT

Ze'ev Schiff/Macmillan/$25.00

Eliot A. Cohen

Ze'ev Schiff has the well-deserved reputation of knowing more about the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) than anyone else, including the Israeli minister of defense and the chief of staff. The long-time military correspondent of the elite Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz*, Schiff has written extensively about the IDF and its wars: most recently, a fascinating and highly critical account of Operation Peace for Galilee, Israel's invasion of Lebanon in 1982. His other books, perhaps less familiar in this country, are no less interesting and informative.

A History of the Israeli Army, a revision of an earlier book, gives an excellent, if compressed (262 pages), account of Israel's wars and of the IDF as an institution. Some ten of the book's sixteen chapters summarize the main events in Israel's military history, including Israel's six major wars—the War of Independence (1948-1949), the Sinai Campaign (1956), the Six Day War (1967), the War of Attrition (1969-1970), the Yom Kippur War (1973), and the Lebanon War (1982)—and the chronic problems of terrorism and guerrilla warfare. In the other six chapters Schiff discusses various aspects of the IDF throughout its post-Independence existence, including doctrine, intelligence, personnel, and civil-military relations. Although directed primarily at those who know little about the IDF save for its reputation, *A History of the Israeli Army* will repay a reading even by those who know a good bit about it.

Like virtually all Israelis, Schiff displays a kind of proprietary pride in the IDF, but he does not hesitate to record its failings and to make some harsh judgments about its performance. Indeed, his book is a useful antidote to those accustomed to thinking of the IDF as a near-perfect military instrument. Schiff's account of the failure of Israel's first retaliatory actions in the 1950s, the IDF's lack of preparation for the grinding battles of the War of Attrition, the absence of combined arms doctrine in the Yom Kippur War, and the ponderous actions of Operation Peace for Galilee makes it all too clear that the Israelis have committed their share of mistakes and experienced their share of disappointments and catastrophes. Nor have the great triumphs of the IDF been without cost: in both 1967 and 1973, for example, the Israelis lost approximately a quarter of their expensive and highly skilled air force. As Schiff reminds his American readers, the breathtaking Six Day War cost Israel what in the United States would have been the equivalent of 80,000 dead. Even for Israel, which realizes that it must fight its wars quickly, and by and large has done so, victory has its price.

In addition—and this is a theme that Schiff raises only tangentially—the IDF's excellence at the *tactical, operational*, and (more recently) *technical* levels of war has come at the expense of *strategic* acumen and achievement. IDF commando exploits are still the envy of the world's special forces; the skill of her colonels and generals and the quality of the mechanized or armored brigades and divisions they command is undisputed; Israeli military technology (and above all, the IDF's ability to use technology) matches that of the superpowers in a number of areas.

But the Israelis have not always succeeded from a strategic point of view. In 1948-1949 they secured their state's existence—no mean task—but failed to create the conditions for a peace settlement. In 1967 they gained great victories but brought peace no closer. As Schiff points out, a number of leading Israeli generals and statesmen realized only too late that they had no idea of how to exploit their achievements to change the political makeup of the Middle East—by creating an autonomous Druse state, for example, or a semi-independent West Bank Palestinian canton. The Yom Kippur War led, ultimately, to the peace treaty with Egypt, but that occurred as much through the efforts of Henry Kissinger and Anwar Sadat as anyone else. The invasion of Lebanon in 1982 did eliminate the PLO mini-state in southern Lebanon, but, as Schiff argues, this came at the cost of extraordinary domestic upheaval, an enhanced position for Syria in Lebanon, and the revelation of IDF techniques to the Syrians and their Soviet patrons. Indeed, only in the 1956 Suez War can one argue that the Israelis achieved more than their minimal aims—in that case, by cementing an alliance with France and inducing Egypt to refrain from blocking the Tiran Straits or sponsoring fedayeen raids into Israel for the next eleven years.

This combination of brilliance and occasional ineptitude has a number of roots. First and foremost, because the Israelis must concentrate on assuring their very survival in a hostile Arab world, they have not had (or at least, have not thought that they had) the luxury to think about strategy in its Clausewitzian sense. Until very recently, the threats seemed too dire, their enemies too intransigent, to make sophisticated Israeli thought about the relationship between military power and political ends seem more than an academic exercise.

But one can also argue that Israeli strategic blindness has sometimes been caused by the very success of Israeli arms. Generals who excel at operational art, and the statesmen who know that they have such generals and competent forces at their command, can easily forget the imperative of sound strategic judgment, believing instead that battlefield success is all there is to war. In this respect the IDF resembles the German army of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—fantastically good at battle but surprisingly naive politically and inept strategically. Not that this indictment should be overdone: The Israelis have won most of their wars in the broader as well as the narrower sense, and Israel today just may be more secure than at any

Eliot A. Cohen, author of Citizens and Soldiers: The Dilemmas of Military Service *(Cornell), is currently writing a book on military disasters.*

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time since 1948. The dismay with which the senior officer corps greeted the prevarications of then-Defense Minister Ariel Sharon in 1982 testifies to the continuing integrity and innate good sense of the Israeli high command.

Moreover, none of its strategic shortcomings should detract from the fact that the IDF has proved itself extraordinarily capable at the technical, tactical, and operational levels. Both friends and foes of the IDF like to think of it as a clever—sometimes, diabolically clever—force, but I suspect that the true secret of its strength lies elsewhere. First, there is the IDF's *seriousness*, particularly among its officer corps. For the average American soldier war is a theoretical possibility, an event that might occur in the course of his professional career but most likely will not. For the Israeli it is a constant reality. An Israeli general today has probably fought in at least three sizable wars, not to mention a host of skirmishes of various kinds. Nothing, not even the most conscientious kind of professionalism, can substitute for the visceral knowledge that real war (I'm not talking about a Grenada) can come at any moment. The IDF has its share of careerists and bureaucrats, no doubt, but unlike any other Western military it has its mind wonderfully focused, to paraphrase Johnson, by the knowledge that it may have to fight for its life within a fortnight. This knowledge, which the IDF shares with the society that enfolds it, enables the Israeli military to eliminate much of the wasted time and motion, the bureaucratic silliness and pettifoggery, that plague any peacetime military.

The second great virtue of the IDF is, curiously enough, its *simplicity*. Traditionally, the IDF has concentrated on the essentials, submitting all of its practices to a ruthlessly wielded common sense. One meets few Israeli generals who seem unusually devious or cunning—far more impressive is the directness of their intellects and speech, the unerring sense they have for the root of a problem or challenge. The excellence of Israeli training stems from this concentration on the basics, indeed, an iron insistence on them. The father of the modern Israeli Air Force, Ezer Weizman, once graduated only one pilot from a training course because he was unwilling to compromise on the quality of pilots. Since the essence of war is fighting, the IDF (like the German army of old but not, alas, like the U.S. Army for most of this century) sends its most talented men into fighting units. Since the essence of command is leadership, one of its first chiefs of staff, Moshe Dayan, insisted that the command "Forward!" be replaced by "Follow Me!" Because no one can lead without gaining the respect of his fellows, the IDF relies heavily on peer evaluations rather than accumulated academic degrees in selecting officers.

The IDF's simplicity also explains its extraordinary practicality and adaptability. Win or lose, after each war the IDF has re-examined its structure, doctrine, and weapons, indeed its entire self, in order to learn from its mistakes. In especially difficult times (e.g., the Yom Kippur War) it has been willing to recast its tactics and organization to adjust to a changing battlefield. This quality also marks the burgeoning Israeli arms industry, which manufactures weapons that reflect the armed forces it must serve—at once rugged and sophisticated. Although revolutionary in some respects—its large-scale use of female soldiers, for example—the IDF is doctrinaire when it is eminently sensible to be so—in its insistence, for example, that one does not abandon wounded comrades unless absolutely compelled to.

Schiff shows that the history of the IDF has been one of enormous change. Although its essential physiognomy has remained constant—a relatively small

(continued on page 52)

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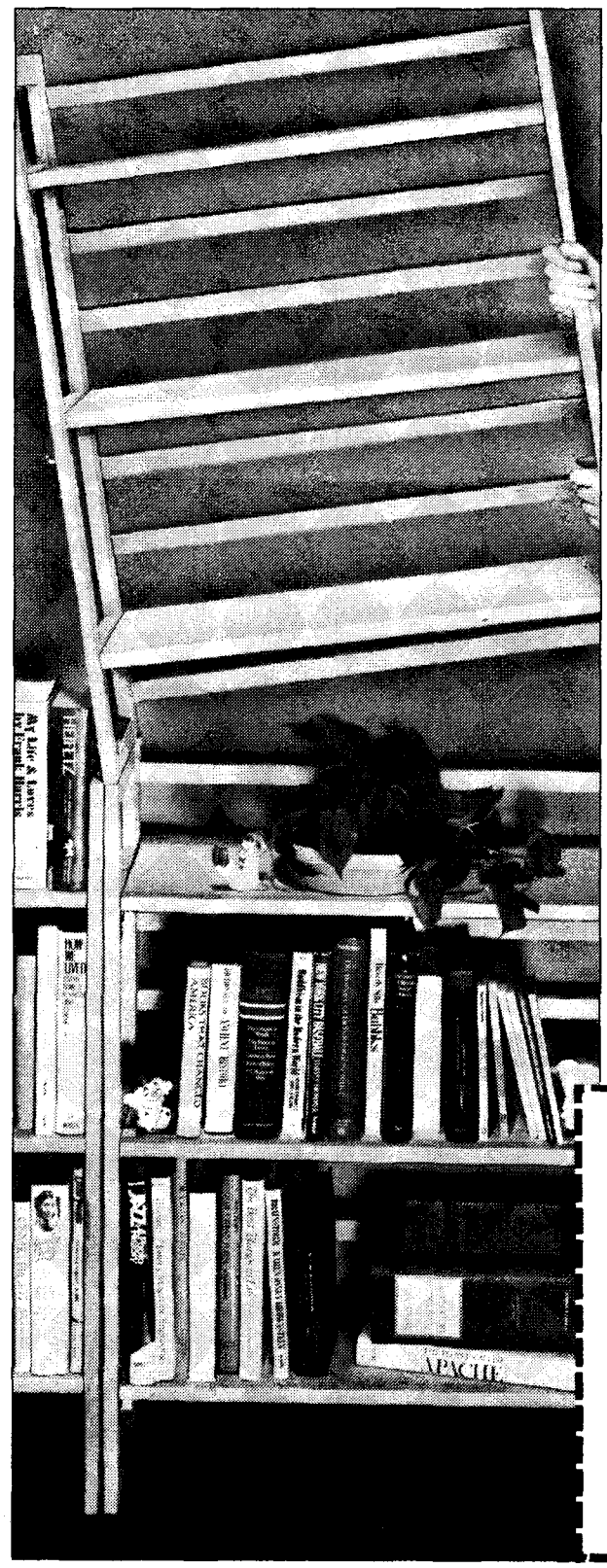

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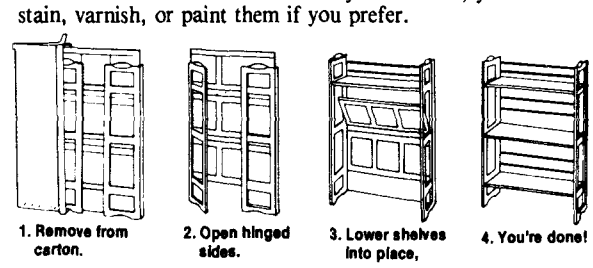

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THE EAST ASIA SPECTATOR

ORIENT EXPRESS

by Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

When your assignment is to cover five east Asian countries in twenty-one days and file copy on the twenty-second, there's really time only to introduce a few of the friends you made along the way and offer a sampling of their concerns. I won't mention the four U.S. ambassadors who led "full country-team" briefings on my group's behalf, since each of them spoke off the record. (In Taipei, of course, there was no U.S. ambassador to brief us; consolation was provided in a meeting led by Tai-Chu Chen, the distinguished former ambassador whom Jimmy Carter ran out of Washington in 1979 when he cut formal ties with the Republic of China.) Nor will I mention any of the people in my group, since after three weeks we were more like family than friends. Come to think of it, some of my new friends need no introduction.

Corazon Aquino, for instance, who in September embarks on a "people to people" visit to the U.S. Some are impressed that since coming to power in what her supporters love to call "the February Revolution," Cory has not changed in her basic character and temperament. Others think that's just the whole problem. In brief remarks to us at Malacañang, she announced that her government's decision to begin "peace" talks with the Philippine Communist insurgents is part of the same "nonviolent" process of "dialogue" that brought a peaceful end to the Marcos dictatorship. "So long as we are able to talk to each other," she said, "we'll be able to solve our problems." Burned by its experience with Marcos, the Reagan Administration has no choice but to stick by Aquino. Seasoned observers, however, can't see her lasting another year. As in February, her fate continues to rest primarily in the hands of Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, who's positioned himself as the country's major guarantee that its February Revolution is not followed by an October Revolution. For the time being Enrile remains condescendingly loyal to his lady president. But he closed a 90-minute session with us at Camp Aguinaldo with this reminder: "The name of the game is necessity and survival."

Enrile may prove as important to U.S. interests as those damn Philippine bases, which by the way he has no intention of our ever leaving. Unfortunately, even he wants the U.S. to keep paying outlandish sums for the privilege of providing the Philippines with its external security. In this respect, Enrile is no different from the bulk of his compatriots, who see U.S. aid as a precondition of life. And so, children in Manila walk the streets naked, people live on park benches and in trees, and the economy is going nowhere. Though Aquino says she wants her country to become more self-reliant, in the same breath she releases the catch that this can happen only "with the help of others."

Say what you will about the politicians of South Korea, at least they have no claims on U.S. largess. In fact, the country's incredible economic transformation of the last twenty-five years can be directly traced to the suspension of U.S. aid in 1961. (Nor has the U.S. ever paid rent on its Korean bases.) Still, it sometimes seems that the opponents of strongman President Chun Doo Hwan would prefer to be operating in a Philippine environment. Kim Dae Jung, whose following in the West is much greater than at home, told us straight out that he would have been much freer under Marcos. What Kim Dae Jung and his partner in heading the New Democratic party, Kim Young Sam, never acknowledge is that South Korea's political tensions are hardly the byproducts of economic failure.

No doubt the two Kims are responding to what John Burgess of the *Washington Post* termed the country's "runaway capitalism"—sweatshops, strong anti-unionism, ruthless government controls. One can even understand the tendency of each to equate the fate of democracy in South Korea with the fate of his own person. Both of them have spent a good portion of their careers in jail, under house arrest, or in exile, and each has survived attempts on his life. When we met with Kim Dae Jung at his home, it was on one of those rare days that he's not restricted to quarters. When Kim Young Sam spoke to us at a downtown Seoul hotel, it was in a room teeming with Korean secret police. In these circumstances, it is remarkable that the two sides are actually talking to each other. They are close to reaching some agreement on constitutional reform, and for all his dictatorial proclivities President Chun fully intends to step down as promised in 1988. It could be that the Seoul Olympics are looming like a savior on the domestic horizon. But the true test will come when the athletes go home.

Not that Kim Il Sung will not do his best to wreck the next Olympics. Fortunately for South Korea, it is slowly acquiring a secret partner who may just provide the protection needed for the games to come off. This partner is mainland China. If you're confused by the rhetoric emanating from the PRC, keep an eye on the future course of relations between Seoul and Peking. It will be an indicator of how serious China is being about reform. In Peking, *Washington Post* correspondent Daniel Southerland told me that the Chinese are fascinated by the South's economic boom. They have entertained secret delegations of South Korean businessmen, and word has it they are sending several hundred people to the Asian Games to be held in Seoul this fall. Someone even spoke of unprecedented direct flights between Peking and Seoul. South Korea already sells around $500 million in goods annually to the mainland via Hong Kong and is always on the lookout for a greater share of any market. (In Seoul we missed seeing the foreign minister because he was off in Central Africa setting up export deals.) There's also a strategic reason for the relationship. Seoul needs someone to rein in the North; Peking is fearful that recent Soviet inroads in the North will leave it with another Vietnam on its periphery.

Of course, Chinese officials will never tell you anything. Some denied that China was even sending a delegation to the Asian Games. As for Deputy Foreign Minister Qian Qishen, who came to us with the sterling recommendations of the U.S. Embassy (probably because he's a major player in the PRC's revived relations with Moscow), he said only that the PRC opposes any activities that would increase tensions in the Korean peninsula. Perhaps he meant that as a slap at the North. In any event, the whole beauty of these budding ties between China and South Korea is that neither side can officially recognize the other.

The irony may not be lost on Taiwan, which counts South Korea as one of the few countries in the world still to recognize it as the real China. Not that it really matters all that much anymore. Taiwan's loss has also been its gain. It has become a model of self-reliance, its own economic boom shows no signs of quieting, and it has mastered the art of what its new deputy foreign minister (and illegitimate grandson of Chiang Kai-Shek) John Chang described to us as "substantive relations" in dealing with the 140 or so nations that no longer have diplomatic ties with Taipei. All that Taiwan wants from the U.S. is that it not renege on the Taiwan Relations Act of 1979—and that we sell them a few high-performance jet fighters. Next time your congressman complains about Taiwan's trade surplus with the U.S., remind him that one way out may be to support the export of sophisticated U.S. aircraft to Taipei. The Taiwanese are ready to pay billions—in cash, as Chang reminded us. If nothing else, it will tell you where your congressman's priorities lie.

You'll notice I haven't yet used the word J-a-p-a-n. But I'd rather not this time. It's not easy to come to terms with the sense I picked up in Tokyo that some other country has passed yours by. Oh, there are a few Americans with clout in Japan: for example, Warren Cromartie and Mark Brouhard. In fact, they pack plenty of it, hitting homeruns and patrolling centerfield for the Yomiuri Giants and the Yakult Swallows, respectively. I sat in the bleachers one Saturday night in packed Jingu Ballpark. Cromartie hit two homeruns to lead his team to victory. Brouhard almost hit one out, but in his next at-bat failed in the clutch and his team lost. How shrewd, I thought. The Japanese have even learned to neutralize American athletic prowess. □

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski is managing editor of The American Spectator. *He traveled to the Orient in August with the World Media Association.*

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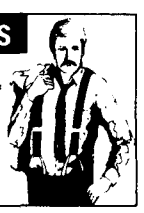

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COHEN

(continued from page 49)

active force of regulars and conscripts backed by a huge militia of reservists—it has undergone remarkable transformations. The poor, infantry-dominated army of the 1950s has given way to a highly mechanized, technology-rich force comparable in size and quality to those of the major European powers. It now depends less than before on mobilization of the country's total resources for war; its logistical system, for example, no longer needs the call-up of all civilian vehicles to function.

Schiff and other observers have worried that the IDF, as a result of its continuous growth in size and sophistication, may be losing the spiritual qualities of resourcefulness, improvisation, and creativity which characterized its early years, particularly during the Six Day War. They bemoan the "Americanization" of the IDF, what they see as a pernicious addiction to weight of firepower and high technology. It's not clear, however, how such an approach would make the IDF less effective. More important, even the events of the Lebanon War suggest that the IDF has lost little of its basic skills, and as Schiff's book confirms, the strengths of the IDF have such deep roots that it will require much more than a surfeit of hardware to choke them. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

from the particular to the general where the path does not exist. The particular problem with criticizing writing such as Mr. Tucker's is that it takes three paragraphs to clarify the issues, place proper perspective, and refute the contention Mr. Tucker places in each of his paragraphs. He occasionally has valid points but they become lost in his wandering verbiage. . . .

Most frustrating, he is often flatly wrong and obviously so. Again, on page 19 in the second column, Mr. Tucker quotes the Constitution and immediately preceding the quotation misquotes the Constitution. The misquote is typical of his distortion and his failure to grasp the truth and essence of an issue. "Unreasonable" in the United States Constitution does not mean "random," as Mr. Tucker suggests in this second column of page 19. Random searches may be unreasonable, but unreasonable searches are not always random. Again, infuriatingly, he misquotes, misuses, or distorts information. The third column of page 20, Mr. Tucker says "Criminal attorneys who understand the system best—Alan Dershowitz, for example—don't even bother to go before juries anymore." What complete blather. What point is he trying to make and through what kind of logical mire is he attempting to drag us? Alan Dershowitz works on the appellate level for numerous reasons. One of which, as Mr. Dershowitz indicates in his own writing, is that he is skilled in appellate legal work and not jury trial work. Mr. Dershowitz indicates that jury work is a separate skill and relies upon those skilled in that area. The argument here is near the argument which says that one who is skilled in editing, but does not himself write as an author, is showing disdain for writing in general. . . .

—James Hackett
Edwardsville, Illinois

William Tucker replies:

Mr. Hackett says that I am wrong in saying that the Warren Court expanded the rights of "criminals" instead of "criminal defendants." I must disagree. As I point out at length in my book, *Vigilante*, the galling thing about the exclusionary rule to the Fourth Amendment is that it only protects the *guilty*. If the police come to your house, break down your door, ransack your belongings, and *don't* find any evidence of wrongdoing, the exclusionary rule does nothing to protect you. There is no "illegally obtained evidence" to be thrown out of court. Only when the police *do* find incriminating evidence is the exclusionary rule wheeled into place. I argue in my book that the exclusionary rule actually violates the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment because it offers constitutional protections to only one small group—people who had actually committed crimes.

Mr. Hackett makes a distinction between the wording of the Seventh Amendment—"no fact tried by jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States"—and my paraphrase: "retrying a case on the facts." If there is a difference here I can't see it. Granted, appellate judges usually make every effort in finding some subtlety of the law to overturn a verdict they don't like. But anyone who has followed a few cases through the appeals process—especially in civil courts—knows that judges often simply substitute their own verdict for that of the jury. In the original Karen Silkwood verdict, for example, the federal appeals court simply rearranged the facts of the case and came to its own different conclusion. I'm not arguing that the jury made the right decision. I'm just pointing out that nasty little clause in the Seventh Amendment that judges and lawyers love to ignore.

Finally, as to Mr. Hackett's characterization of my argument as "Let's get the golldang lawyers and judges outa there, and use some common sense," I never use the word "golldang." □

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Great Books Series

The Stalin of the Caribbean gets yet another Yankee hagiographer, this time in the preposterous persona of Dr. Peter G. Bourne, late of the Carter White House:

He asked what she was doing, and she replied that she had intended to get married but her husband was a political prisoner on the Isle of Pines. Fidel, without inquiring any more about the case, turned to an aide and gave instructions that the man be released. "This is my wedding present to you," he said. Critics argue that such actions reflect not his generosity but his need to be like a Caesar holding in his hands the power of life and death over every citizen. Equally, and perhaps more accurately, it also shows a certain paternalistic quality—he treats all the Cuban people as though they were a part of his own giant family. There is in Fidel something of the grand seigneur. It is a European, Hispanic style in which he sees himself as the good and benevolent ruler who, while secure in his right to permanent power, feels a deep moral obligation for the welfare of his humble subjects. He believes that the deep sincerity of his commitment, which few dispute, should obviate any criticism of his absolute power. At the same time, when he feels that he has let the people down, he shows remarkable public contrition.

[from Fidel: A Biography of Fidel Castro, *by Peter G. Bourne, Dodd, Mead Co., $18.95]*

Rolling Stone

Evidence of still more tergiversations in the Age of Reagan, as noted by a modern Gibbon lamenting back home in Indiana.

The publication of "Terror of the Euroweenies" by P. J. O'Rourke (RS 477) marks an all-time ebb in the history of *Rolling Stone*. It is tragic that so many Americans share O'Rourke's opinions. It is, however, infinitely more tragic that *Rolling Stone* would even consider publishing such naive trash. *Rolling Stone* was once a magazine that wrote about rock & roll—the music that prides itself on transcending race, religion and class to bring people together and to enable them to understand one another and live together. Great examples of this attitude include Live Aid, Farm Aid, and the Amnesty International tour. The publication of O'Rourke's article seems to point to *Rolling Stone*'s transformation into a fashion magazine for people with a Rambo mentality.

—David Demaree
Indianapolis, Indiana
[August 28, 1986]

California Law

Still more bad news for a hard-luck group of fellows if ever there was one:

One of the sad side effects of the AIDS crisis is that women won't take the sperm of gay men.

[August 1986]

Washington Post

Charles Krauthammer pays the price to become an American media legend:

Virtue—they don't call it that—is emerging as a Democratic theme for '88. Cuomo's is perhaps the most extreme form, but the idea of sacrifice or "true patriotism" is the Democratic alternative to the self-congratulatory, narcissistic patriotism of Reaganism. Each candidate gives the civic virtue theme his own rationale. Wired Joe Biden: we need the feeling back. Cool Hand Hart: it is a technical requirement for the machine of state (if we are to compete with the Japanese, etc.). Mario Cuomo, political ascetic: it is a moral necessity.

Can you win an American presidential election running on virtue? On feeling, on community, on Hands Across America? Without a recession, doubtful. And if, on the road to New Hampshire, the theme begins to fade in Pat Caddell's polls, expect the others to look for another one. Not Cuomo.

[August 15, 1986]

Venture

From the American purdah emerges a feminist dream-come-true:

In her decade-long career, Lore Harp has often faced the derision of fellow entrepreneurs, but it's been a breeze compared to what she expects in the next few months. She acknowledges calmly that her new enterprise, Aplex Corp., leaves many who first hear of it stunned just long enough to gather up and expel a guffaw. That's because she wants to persuade millions of women to stand up while urinating—using a disposable paper funnel she markets as Le Funelle. "The initial reaction is, 'You have got to be kidding,' " says Harp. . . .

Harp, whose willfulness and marketing skill are legendary among high-tech executives, is deadly serious about changing womens' stance in the lavatory.

[July 1986]

Ann Arbor News

Miss Jenny Workman, obviously a professor at the University of Michigan's Women's Studies Program, tenders a thoughtful critique to the local newspaper:

Would you please do something about your terrible comic section? You treat it as if you just expect 3-year-olds to read it. Well, you are wrong. After reading the pages and pages about nuclear arms, murder and Reagan, people need a little cheer to lighten them up.

Out of all the cities I've lived in, The Ann Arbor News has the worst comics. We are paying you, not the 3-year-olds, to give us a quality paper that covers all of the bases well.

The worst offenders are: Winthrop, Boner's Ark, Wee Pals and Amy. I realize that kids need something to read, but some of us who haven't outgrown the funnies do too.

—Jenny Workman
Ann Arbor
[June 27, 1986]

Interview

A Kennedy of the rising generation, Victoria Lawford, reveals how they cut their political teeth nowadays:

GC: Tell me about campaigning. What areas did you cover?

VL: I went up to New Hampshire with my cousin Kara, and to Detroit and California, where I worked with the gay community. We went to all these gay bars and gave speeches in the evening, but who wants to listen to political speeches on a Friday night? You know, especially from me—who the hell am I? But Teddy had a lot of support in the gay community, so I didn't mind.

Another rising Kennedy—Kara, daughter of Teddy—makes a difference:

I've traveled with my dad to the Soviet Union and China. We took a trip to Africa, which was powerful. In Ethiopia, we saw children starving. Besides learning more about the country, we were able to help out—we went to the camps and the nutrition centers, where we loaded syringes and so forth.

Still more third generation Kennedy-think, this time from Kerry Kennedy, apparently sober:

GC: What were you doing in India last summer?

KK: I went for a number of weeks and traveled with two friends, Rajeev Sethi and Sam Green, who put exhibits together. We wanted to learn about the ways in which art can work with private industry to improve people's lives. There were a lot of craftsmen in India who spent enormous numbers of hours and used incredible skills to come up with knickknacks. It might take them two months to carve an ashtray that was sold for 75 cents to tourists. The same families can trace their origins back to people who did the inlay work for the Taj Mahal. Just *beautiful* work, and that's all the family has been doing for the whole time, and now they're making ashtrays—so it's a tragedy.

GC: In 1980, you worked on your Uncle Ted's presidential campaign. What did you do?

KK: That was *really* fun. I began doing fund-raising in New York and working out of the office there, and then I started traveling, going around the country as a surrogate, giving speeches.

GC: You gave speeches? On what topics?

KK: Well, you know, if you're talking at a home for the elderly, you talk about Teddy's policy with the elderly; when you talk to professors, you talk about education; health care, whatever it is. . . . It was amazing just learning about this country and about how people live. One day, in West Virginia, I went to the farmers' auction. They had about 300 people in this barn, climbing the sides and hanging off the rafters. They brought in a cow first—Nellie the cow—and they would auction that off, and the next thing would be this box with maybe two ice skates and three books in it. They'd auction that off, too, and then the next thing. I also went to a prison.

[July 1986]

Tikkun

A helpful explanation as to why Irving hates the little people, provided by Anne in Volume 1, Number 1 of the left's response to *Commentary*:

Some Jews bent under the yoke of the paranoid vision have turned to anti-communism as a safe harbour in which to exercise their rage, to vent their suspicions and to perhaps unconsciously take revenge against communities of non-Jews be they Vietnam villagers, Nicaraguan peasants, or Mexican migrant workers. The neo-conservative movement as we read it in *Commentary*, has taken its Jewish anger, its Jewish rage and hidden it, folded it into an identification with the powerful and the strong. They call for bigger and bigger arsenals because Jews once were so powerless. They call for a Jewish identification with those who have instead of those who want because they were so humiliated by their helplessness beneath the Nazi power. By becoming the Court Jews of the Right they can identify with the power and pretend it is theirs. They do not mind humiliating the mentally ill or those on food stamps or those with small farms. The Right in America affords Jews a safe place to vent anger on other helpless peoples who stand in our place as we stand above them.

[Vol. 1, No. 1, 1986]

Humanist

Dr. Timothy J. Madison takes up a piece of capital crackpottery and wraps it in a favorite progressive bromide:

Jacques Cousteau, the famed explorer, inventor, and humanitarian, has long been noted for his concern over the fate of the human race. Although he has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, he has not allowed age to slow down his rapid pace and has in fact just come up with a plan which he calls "my number-one priority"—a plan devoted to averting the threat of worldwide nuclear destruction. He advocates the compulsory exchange of all children from age seven to eight to live for one year with a family in another country, specifically a country considered to be an enemy. "I don't see how a nation could press the button of those horrible things when it knows that three million of its children are over there."

A radical idea, to be sure: taking children from their parents and sending them to a strange land, where they would be in effect captives to the cause of world peace. It is a utopian notion and, as Cousteau himself recognizes, far from likely to ever take place. But behind it lies a realization that cannot be reiterated too often—namely, it is the children of the world who will soon be deciding its fate.

[March/April 1986]

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